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Daniel L. Quaint J.
Dec 1921 -

NEW PLAYS
FROM
OLD TALES



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TORONTO



NICOLETTE

NEW PLAYS FROM OLD TALES

ARRANGED FOR
BOYS AND GIRLS

BY
HARRIET SABRA WRIGHT

ILLUSTRATED BY
LEON D'EMO

New York
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
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INTRODUCTION

THIS book follows in the footsteps of the early minstrels whose welcome depended on their ability to refresh and entertain their hearers when they told of love and adventure. To that end they adorned their tales with music and gesture and were the forerunners of the strolling players who pleased the mediæval multitude.

Our stock of plays has grown by degrees from stories enjoyed by boys and girls in the Reading Clubs of the New York Public Library. Because they found favor with parents and friends of club members we venture to share them with a larger audience. The purpose of story telling and club work in the library is to arouse deeper and more varied interests in reading. This has influenced the choice of stories dramatized. We have tried to keep the style and charm of the master story tellers whose work we have adapted, and trust that the plays will be given with due regard for literary atmosphere and appropriate settings. The stage may be small and arrangements simple but imagination and fancy need not be limited.

When we find that young people of the twentieth century go gladly back to the thirteenth with a wandering minstrel as their guide, we feel justified in restringing the minstrel's old harp to give Romance its cue. Story Telling and Play Acting are called upon to do their part nowadays in making good citizens. That

they may also give boys and girls the freedom of the Divine City of Romance is our pious wish.

H. S. W.

New York City,
1921.

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AUCASSIN AND NICOLETTE

AUCASSIN AND NICOLETTE

The story of Aucassin and Nicolette was first told by an unknown minstrel of the thirteenth century.

It is most important for amateur actors who present the play to steep themselves in the spirit of the Middle Ages and of France. Let them read again the old fairy tales, stories of old romance, and all the mediæval lore and legend possible. If the actors catch the charm of the minstrel's dramatic and graceful use of prose and verse, their audience will be thrilled by the adventure and final happiness of two fond lovers—Aucassin and Nicolette.

Simple stage settings and mediæval costumes will help to recreate the background and the atmosphere of the time when strolling minstrels went about from castle to castle in Southern France, singing and telling tales of love and adventure.

CHARACTERS

MINSTREL

COUNT GARIN, *father of Aucassin*

AUCASSIN

COUNTESS GARIN, *mother of Aucassin*

NICOLETTE, *a captive Saracen maid*

WARDER

TOWN WATCH (*Four men. May be omitted*)

SHEPHERD BOYS:

MARTIN

ROBIN

ESMERET

FRULIN

JACK

AUBRIET

SCENE I. Within a mediæval castle.

SCENE II. Outside a mediæval castle.

SCENE III. At the edge of a forest. Morning.

SCENE IV. At the edge of a forest. Evening.

SCENE V. NICOLETTE's lodge in the forest. Night.

STAGE SETTINGS AND DIRECTIONS

Have an entrance at the back and one at each side of the stage, if possible.

If only one set of hangings can be had, choose dark green for the color.

SCENE I. Within a mediæval castle. Background of hangings in plain neutral color—dark, not light, blue or brown. Denim is good material to use. A hanging for tapestry effect may be added but is not necessary. Not more than two chairs, no other furniture is needed. The chairs must have simple lines of an early period. If convenient to make mediæval armor from cardboard, Aucassin's "mail" may be in evidence.

SCENE II. Outside the castle. A still, moonlit night. Hanging of grey cambric or paper muslin, marked off in blocks with black ink or chalk to represent a stone wall. Make an opening high up in hanging for Nicolette's casement window, with dark strips across to indicate bars. Paper vines and paper flowers can be bought or made for a garden effect, but if the stage is small do not clutter it.

SCENES III and IV. At the edge of the forest. Use dark green hangings for the background. Throw green, brown or grey cloth over a small barrel and boxes for a log, a fallen tree trunk, rocks and stones about the spring of water.

SCENE V. Use green hanging for background. Nicolette's bower can be made with a hinged screen of green burlap with paper vines and flowers twined over it as the minstrel's words indicate.

COSTUMES

Garments of the thirteenth century had beautiful, simple lines.

Fine materials were used, but silkoline and cretonne can be substituted for silk and brocade. Ermine was worn by the nobility and can be made with spots of India ink on cotton wadding.

COUNT GARIN wears a purple tunic reaching about to the ankles.

It may be edged with fur or with a fancy border. The sleeves are long and loose. His low shoes may be made of brocade slightly pointed at the toe. He has a beard and his hair is grey.

COUNTESS GARIN wears a long robe with fur or brocade border.

The sleeves are long and close fitting. She has a girdle of gold or silver cord. Her steeple headdress is made of canvas covered with silk. A veil is draped over the peak so that it will hang down the back.

AUCASSIN wears tights or long hose. His tunic reaches almost

to the knees. Crimson and blue are suitable colors for his costume. His hair is cut in a fringe across his forehead. At the back of the head it is curled and reaches just below the ears.

NICOLETTE's dress is pale blue. The bodice is short with long, flowing sleeves and the skirt reaches to the ankles. She wears her golden hair loose on her shoulders with a circlet about the head.

The SHEPHERD BOYS wear short, plain-colored tunics of coarse material and tights. Dyed union suits make good tights. Shoes can be made from men's socks with tops turned back.

The WARDER wears a long brown cape with hood over his head and carries a lantern. The TOWN WATCH are dressed the same way.

The MINSTREL wears short tunic, tights, a cape and cap, and carries a lute or viol or harp. His shoes are of leather or felt slightly pointed at the toe. Brown and red are the colors for his costume.

BOOKS ON COSTUMES AND SCENERY

Excellent suggestions are given in Constance D'Arcy Mackay's "Costumes and Scenery for Amateurs."

Melicent Stone's "The Bankside Costume Book" is useful.

If no costume book is available, consult Webster's Dictionary and histories of the Middle Ages for illustrations.

Boutet de Monvel's "Joan of Arc" presents a somewhat later period, but there was slight change in peasant dress.

Quennell's "History of Everyday Things in England" describes and portrays costumes common to both England and France.

Louise Lamprey's "In the Days of the Guild" and "Masters of the Guild" will be helpful.



AUCASSIN AND NICOLETTE

MINSTREL

[Sings or says the Prologue before the curtain.]

Who will deign to hear the song
Solace of a captive's wrong,
Telling how two children met,
Aucassin and Nicolette;
How by grievous pains distraught,
Noble deeds the varlet wrought
For his love, and her bright face!
Sweet my rhyme, and full of grace,
Fair my tale, and debonair—

He who lists—though full of care,
Sore astonished, much amazed,
All cast down, by men mispraised,
Sick in body, sick in soul,
Hearing shall be glad and whole,
So sweet the tale.

SCENE I

[Interior of a Mediæval Castle.]

COUNT GARIN

Son, don now thy mail, mount thy horse, keep thy land and render aid to thy men. If they see thee amongst them, the better will they defend their goods and their bodies, thy land and mine. And thou art so stout and strong that very easily thou canst do this thing, as is but right.

AUCASSIN

Father, why speakest thou in such fashion to me? I care not to become knight, neither to bear arms, nor to tilt at tourneys, nor yet to do aught. Give me only Nicolette, my sweet friend, whom I love so well. Then will I arm myself for her sake.

COUNT GARIN

Son, this may not be. Deeds are better than foolish dreams. Put Nicolette from mind. For Nicolette is but a captive maid, come hither from a far country, bought with money from the Saracens. With her what hast thou to do? Ask for a wife, and I will find thee the daughter of a king, or a count. Were

he the richest man in France, his daughter shalt thou have, if so thou wilt.

AUCASSIN

Faith, my father, 'twould well become Nicolette, my very sweet friend, were she Empress of Byzantium or Queen of France or England, so noble is she, so courteous and debonair.

COUNT GARIN

Little enough would be your gain were you to wed this captive maid, for your soul would lie tormented in Hell all the days of all time, so that to Paradise never should you win.

AUCASSIN

In Paradise what have I to do? I care not to enter, but only to have Nicolette, my very sweet friend, whom I love so dearly well. For into Paradise go none but such people as I will tell you of. There go those aged priests, and those old cripples, and the maimed, who all day long and all night cough before the altars, and in the crypts beneath the churches; those who go in worn old mantles and old tattered habits; who are naked, and barefoot and full of sores; who are dying of hunger and of thirst, of cold and of wretchedness. Such as these enter in Paradise and with them have I naught to do. But in Hell will I go. For to Hell go the fair clerks and the fair knights who are slain in the tourney and the great wars; and the stout archer and the loyal man. With them will I go. And there go the fair and courteous ladies, and there pass the gold and silver, the ermine and all rich furs, harpers and minstrels and the happy of the world. With these will I go, so only that I have Nicolette, my very sweet friend, by my side.

COUNTESS GARIN

Fool, to weep the livelong day,
Nicolette trips light and gay,
Scouring she from far Carthage,
Bought of Paynims for a wage.
Since a wife beseems thee good
Take a wife of wholesome blood.

AUCASSIN

Mother, naught for this I care,
Nicolette is debonair;
Slim the body, fair the face,
Make my heart a lighted place;
Love has set her as my peer,
Too sweet, my dear.

COUNT GARIN

Truly you talk idly, for never shall you see her more.
Were she here I would set her in the flames and thou thyself
might well have every fear.

AUCASSIN

This lies heavy upon me. Is this the very end?

COUNT GARIN

So help me God, yea.

[*Exit COUNT and COUNTESS.*]

AUCASSIN

[*Weeping.*]

Nicolette, so gent, so sweet,
Fair the faring of thy feet,

Fair thy laughter, sweet thy speech,
Fair our playing each with each,
Fair thy clasping, fair thy kiss,
Yet it endeth all in this.
Since from me my love is ta'en
I misdoubt that I am slain;
Sister, sweet friend.

[CURTAIN]

SCENE II

[*Outside the Castle. A still, moonlit night in May.*]

MINSTREL

Nicolette is prisoned fast,
In a vaulted chamber cast,
Shaped and carven wondrous well,
Painted as by miracle.
At the marble casement stayed,
On her elbow leaned the maid.
Golden showed her golden hair,
Softly curved her eyebrows rare,
Fair her face, and brightly flushed,
Sweeter maiden never blushed.

In the garden from her room
She might watch the roses bloom,
Hear the birds make tender moan;
Then she knew herself alone.

[*Exit MINSTREL.*]

NICOLETTE

[*At window casement.*]

Lack, great pity 'tis to place
Maid in such an evil case.
Aucassin, my liege, my squire,
Friend and dear, and heart's desire,
Since thou dost not hate me quite
Men have done me foul despite,
Sealed me in this vaulted room,
Thrust me to this bitter doom.
But by God, Our Lady's Son,
Soon will I from here begone,
So it be won.

[NICOLETTE makes her escape, letting herself slide down from the window. The lights should be put out so that she may seem to slip down the castle wall. She passes through the garden and comes under the tower where AUCASSIN is imprisoned.]

NICOLETTE

Aucassin, fond heart and bold,
What avails thine heart should ache
For a Paynim maiden's sake.
Ne'er may she become thy mate,
Since we prove thy father's hate,
Since thy kinsfolk hate me, too;
What for me is left to do?
Nothing, but to seek the strand,
Pass o'er sea to some far land.

WARDER

[*Entering.*]

God! it is great pity that so fair a damsel should be slain. I will warn her privily so she escape the snare.

Lady of the loyal mind, it is for me to tell that the town watch will enter here anon, bearing naked swords beneath their mantles, for Count Garin has charged them strictly, to take you and put you to death.

NICOLETTE

Ah, may the soul of thy father and of thy mother find sweetest rest, since in so fair and courteous a manner hast thou warned me. So God please, I will indeed keep myself close, and may he keep me, too. But do thou give this golden tress that I have shorn to Aucassin, thy liege, and tell him that if he will take his pleasure in the woodland, amongst flowers and the songs of birds—perchance—who knows? he may hear some word of which he will be glad.

WARDER

Lo, the hunters draw this way,
Cloaked with hidden knives to slay.
Ere the huntsmen spie the chace,
Let the quarry haste apace
And keep her well.

[NICOLETTE *draws folds of her cloak about her and gropes her way along in the darkness.*]

NICOLETTE

Father, King of Majesty,
Where to turn I know not, I—
So, within the woodland gloom
Wolf and boar and lion roam,
Fearful things, with rav'ning maw,
Rending tusk and tooth and claw.
Yet, if all adread I stay,
Men will come at break of day,
Treat me to their heart's desire,
Burn my body in the fire.
But by God's dear Majesty
Such a death I will not die:
Since I die, ah, better then
Trust the boar than trust to men.
Since all's evil, men and beast,
Choose I the least.

[She fares forth toward the forest. The WATCH march past.]

SCENE III

[Woodland scene. Morning. SHEPHERD BOYS sitting by a clear, sweet spring. A cloak spread upon the grass. They set bread upon the cloak and begin to eat.]

NICOLETTE

[Enters.]

Fair children, God have you in His keeping.

SHEPHERD BOYS

God bless you also.

NICOLETTE

Fair child, do you know Aucassin, the son of Count Garin of this realm?

MARTIN

Yes, we know him well.

NICOLETTE

So God keep you, pretty boy, if you tell him that within this wood there is a fair beast for his hunting; and if he may take her he would not part with one of her members for a hundred golden marks, nor for five hundred, nay, nor for aught that man can give.

MARTIN

Will I tell him? Woe to him who speaks of it ever, or tells Aucassin what you say. You speak not truth but faery, for in all this forest there is no beast—neither stag, nor lion, nor boar—one of whose legs would be worth two pence, or three at the very best, and you talk of five hundred marks of gold. Woe betide him who believes your story, or shall spread it abroad. You are a faery, and no fit company for such as us—so pass upon your road.

NICOLETTE

Ah, fair child, yet you will do as I pray. For this beast is the only medicine that may heal Aucassin of his hurt. And I have here five sous in my purse, take them and give him my

message. For within three days must he hunt this chace, and if within three days he find not the quarry, never may he cure him of his wound.

ROBIN

By my faith, we will take the money, and if he comes this way, we will give him your message, but certainly we will not go and look for him.

NICOLETTE

As God pleases.

[*Exit NICOLETTE.*]

[*Curtain to indicate passage of time.*]

SCENE IV

[*Same as SCENE III.*]

[*Sundown. SHEPHERDS are playing a game: "Gather all your sheep." They form a ring. One sings the first two verses alone; at the third verse he lets go the hand of his right-hand neighbor and standing before his left-hand neighbor they raise their hands under which arch all the others pass in turn singing the refrain. (Music in Widor. "Vieilles Chansons et Rondes" [Old Songs and Rounds], page 20.)*]

SHEPHERD BOYS

Oh, the nicest one I know
I will show you as they go.
We will make them pass this stile, Oh
Gather all your sheep, my Shepherd,
Gather all your sheep and go—
Gather all your sheep and go.

[In the midst of their game they see someone approaching and recognize him as AUCASSIN. They stop the game abruptly.]

ROBIN

[Laughing.]

God keep in ward
Aucassin, our brave young lord.
Keep besides the damsel fair,
Blue of eye and gold of hair,
Gave us wherewithal to buy
Cate and sheath knife presently,
Horn and quarter staff and fruit,
Shepherd's pipe and country flute;
God make him well.

SHEPHERD BOYS

[Gather about the well, singing a Round.]

Round about the well are set
Martin, Robin, Esmeret:
Jolly shepherds gaily met,
Frulin, Jack and Aubriet.

[They repeat Round.]

AUCASSIN

Fair children, God keep you.

SHEPHERD BOYS

God bless you also.

AUCASSIN

Fair children, tell over again the song that you told but now.

MARTIN

We will not tell it. Sorrow be his who sings it to you, fair sir.

AUCASSIN

Fair children, do you not know me?

ROBIN

Oh, yes, we know well that you are Aucassin, our young lord; but we are not your men: we belong to the Count.

AUCASSIN

Fair children, sing me the song once more, I pray you!

ROBIN

By the Wounded Heart! what fine words! Why should I sing for you, if I have no wish to do so? Why, the richest man in all the land—saving the presence of Count Garin—would not dare to drive my sheep and oxen and cows from out his wheat-field or his pasture, for fear of losing his eyes. Wherefore, then, should I sing for you, if I have no wish to do so?

AUCASSIN

God keep you, fair children; yet you will do this thing for me. Take these ten sous that I have here in my purse.

ROBIN

Sire, we will take the money; but I will not sing for you, since I have sworn not to do so. I will tell it in plain prose, if such be your pleasure.

AUCASSIN

As God pleases; better the tale in prose than no story at all.

ROBIN

Sire, we were in this glade between six and nine of the morning and were breaking our bread by the well, when a girl came by; the loveliest thing in all the world, so fair that we deemed her a faery and she brimmed our wood with light. She gave us money and made a bargain with us that if you came here we would tell you that you must hunt in this forest, for in it is such a beast that if you may take her you would not part with one of her members for five hundred silver marks, nor for aught that man can give. And within three days must the chase be taken, for if she be not found by then, never will you see her more. Now go to your hunting if you will, and if you will not, let it go, for truly have I carried out my bargain with her.

AUCASSIN

Fair child, enough have you spoken, and may God set me on her track.

[*Exit AUCASSIN.*]

[CURTAIN]

MINSTREL

Aucassin's fond heart was moved
When this hidden word he proved
Sent him by the maid he loved.
Straight his charger he bestrode,
Bade farewell, and swiftly rode
Deep within the forest dim,
Saying o'er and o'er to him;

“Nicolette, so sweet, so good,
'Tis for you I search this wood:
Antlered stag nor boar I chase,
Hot I follow on your trace.
Slender shape, and deep blue eyes,
Dainty laughter, low replies,
Fledge the arrow in my heart.
Ah, to find you, ne'er to part!
Pray God give so fair an end,
Sister, sweet friend.”

Nicolette, as you heard tell
Bade the shepherd lads farewell:
Through deep woodlands warily
Fared she 'neath the leafy tree;
Till the grass-grown way she trod
Brought her to a forest road,
Whence, like fingers on a hand,
Forked seven paths throughout the land.
Plucked she then young sapling boughs,
Grasses, leaves that branches yield,
Oak shoots, lilies of the field;
Built a lodge with frond and flower,
Fairest mason, fairest bower!

SCENE V

[NICOLETTE's lodge at nightfall.]

AUCASSIN

[*Approaches bower.*]

Dear God! here was Nicolette, my sweet friend, and this has she builded with her fair white hands. For the sweetness of the house and for love of her, here will I refresh me this night. [*Looking up toward the sky he sees one star brighter than all the others shining in the sky.*]

Little Star I gaze upon,
Sweetly drawing to the moon,
In such golden haunt is set
Love, and bright-haired Nicolette.
God hath taken from our war
Beauty, like a shining star.
Ah, to reach her, though I fell
From her Heaven to my Hell.
Who were worthy such a thing,
Were he emperor or king?
Still you shine, oh, perfect Star,
Beyond, afar.

[NICOLETTE comes out from her hiding place and clasps AUCASSIN.]

NICOLETTE

Fair sweet friend, very glad am I to find you.

AUCASSIN

And you, fair sweet friend, glad am I to meet. [*They kiss and hold each other fast.*] It was but now that I was much hurt in the shoulder, but I feel neither pain nor grief since I have you.

NICOLETTE

Aucassin, I doubt not that you love me, but my love is fonder than yours.

AUCASSIN

Alack, fair sweet friend, that cannot be; for woman's love is in the glance of her eye, and the tip of her foot, but the love of a man is set deep in his heart and cannot be torn away.

NICOLETTE

[*Laughs, then grows serious.*]

But now, Aucassin, must we take thought for tomorrow. For if your father has the forest searched in the morning, and I am found—whatever may happen to you, I shall be put to death.

AUCASSIN

Nay, sweet friend. I will never let them take you!

We'll leave the hills, and then the downs.
We'll leave the villages and towns;
We'll seek at daybreak for the strand
And pass o'er sea to some far land.

NICOLETTE

Since no place is safe in France,
Seek we Rome or far Byzance?

AUCASSIN

Sweet my love, all's one to me,
Dale or woodland, earth or sea;
Nothing care I where we ride,
So I hold you by my side.

[*Exit AUCASSIN and NICOLETTE.*]

MINSTREL

Such delight these lovers met,
Aucassin and Nicolette.
Length of days and joy did win,
Nicolette and Aucassin.
Endeth song and tale I tell
With marriage bell.

THE END

[Dramatized from a translation of "Aucassin and Nicolette," by Eugene Mason, by permission of E. P. Dutton & Co. and J. M. Dent & Sons.]

THE BIRTHDAY OF THE INFANTA

THE BIRTHDAY OF THE INFANTA

(From a story by Oscar Wilde)

Careful reading of the story will give the right feeling for this play. No one who reads can fail to be fascinated by what happened on the twelfth birthday of the Infanta of Spain and of the Indies. A new little Dwarf who came to court that day, danced and pleased the Princess until he saw in a mirror another Dwarf—a monster so grotesque as to break his heart and make a tragedy of the Infanta's birthday.

The play develops sharp contrasts of joy and sorrow in the moods and actions of the characters and a corresponding contrast of light and shade in stage settings and costumes. The part of the Dwarf gives splendid opportunity for dancing. A ten-year-old girl who once played the part of the Infanta, gave her own interpretation and softened the haughty Spanish retort at the end of the play into a touching outburst of confusion, disappointment and grief.

Interest in the story leads to reading and research in Spanish history, romance and art. Girls and boys who can, will want to visit the Spanish Museum in New York and to make themselves familiar with the pictures of Velasquez who tells all they need to know about the Infanta's family.

CHARACTERS

CHAMBERLAIN

THE INFANTA

DUCHESS OF ALBUQUERQUE

COUNT TIERRA-NUEVA, *cousin of the Infanta*

YOUNG FRIENDS OF THE INFANTA (*six girls*)

DWARF

PERIOD: The Seventeenth Century

PLACE: A room in the palace of the King of Spain.

STAGE SETTING

There is no change of scene in the play.

One entrance at the side of the stage is needed.

Dark blue hangings make a suitable background. Denim or cambric may be used. A chair of state somewhat elevated is needed for the Infanta. If a proper Spanish chair cannot be obtained, drape or cover an armchair with material similar to the hangings. A mirror draped with the same material should be in evidence.

COSTUMES

Consult the Velasquez pictures for costumes of the INFANTA, DWARF and court people of the period.

The CHAMBERLAIN wears dark clothes—blue or black. He has knickerbockers with rosettes at the knees—long coat with rather full sleeves. He wears a stiff white ruche at the wrists and a golilla or stiff outstanding collar of white crinoline. He has a pointed beard.

The INFANTA's dress is grey blue with rose trimmings, as like the famous Velasquez picture as may be. The picture should be used as a guide. Silkoline or glazed cambric will be satisfactory material. The waist is stiffly boned and trimmed with tulle and rows of pearls. The sleeves are puffed and large. A large hoop for the long, full skirt can be made of featherbone suspended from a belt by tapes reaching a little below the waistline. She wears blue kid shoes with pink rosettes and carries a pink fan. Her hair is pale gold arranged as the picture shows.

The DUCHESS OF ALBUQUERQUE wears a black gown. The waist has a low, square neck. The skirt is full and has a hoop. She has a black bead necklace and carries a large black fan. Make her as like the Velasquez "Lady With a Fan" as possible, or like the Velasquez "Isabella of Bourbon," with high-necked dress and stiff, yellow ruff.

COUNT TIERRA-NUEVA, the boy cousin of the INFANTA, wears a suit of deep red velvet and satin. His knickerbockers have rosettes at the knee. He has lace collar and cuffs and wears a short cape thrown back from one shoulder. He carries a plumed hat and a rose as he enters.

The YOUNG FRIENDS of the INFANTA are dressed much alike in yellow silkoline or cambric made after the same cumbrous fashion as the INFANTA's. The girls carry large black and silver fans.

The DWARF is hunchbacked. He wears a suit of russet brown. Cambric is good material to use. His hair is black and unkempt. Make his appearance as wild as desired but perhaps a degree less grotesque than the words of the original story indicate.

It is possible to make the dresses for the six girls and even for the INFANTA, of Dennison crêpe paper. The paper must be sewed on to a slip.

BOOKS TO READ

Wilde's "Happy Prince and Other Tales" (Putnam's) contains the story "The Birthday of the Infanta."

The LeMair illustration for "I Had a Little Nut Tree" in Mof-fat's "Little Songs of Long Ago" shows dresses in the Infanta's style.

Breal: "Velasquez." (Dutton.) Many pictures.

Hind's "The Education of an Artist" has several Velasquez pictures. Consult also his "Days with Velasquez," and Calvert's "Velasquez."

Cervantes: "Don Quixote."

Irving: "The Alhambra."



THE BIRTHDAY OF THE INFANTA

SCENE I

CHAMBERLAIN

A really fine day this certainly is. And it is the birthday of the Infanta. Although she is a real Princess and the Infanta of Spain, yet *she* has only one birthday every year, just like the children of quite poor people. So the whole country will rejoice that the sun shines brightly in the gardens of the palace today.

[*Enter the INFANTA and the DUCHESS OF ALBUQUERQUE.*]

INFANTA

But this is my birthday. Doesn't the King, my father, wish me to be happy on my birthday?

DUCHESS

I am sure he does, Princess.

INFANTA

Then why does he not stay with me and try to make me happy? The sun shines brightly and everybody is so happy. Everyone, except my father. Today he looks sadder than ever and now he has gone to pray in the gloomy chapel, where I am not allowed to enter. It is silly of him!

DUCHESS

Infanta, you are twelve years old today. You are old enough to understand why your father, the King, is so sad. When your mother, the Queen, died, you were only six months old. And during all the long years since her death the King has never been seen to smile. Now that you are growing to look more and more like your dear mother whom he loved so madly, his sorrow comes back to him.

INFANTA

Am I then so like my poor dead mother?

DUCHESS

You have the Queen's own pretty manner, the same wilful way of tossing your head, the same proud, curved, beautiful mouth—the same wonderful smile!

INFANTA

It makes me almost happy to know that. [*She goes to a mirror.*] In this mirror, then, I should see my mother's picture. [*She repeats the DUCHESS's words.*] "The same wilful way of tossing your head, the same proud, beautiful mouth—the same

wonderful smile." [*She tosses her head, smiles and admires herself in the mirror.*]

DUCHESS

My Princess, you tarry too long before the mirror. You need no glass to tell you that you are the daughter of a King. So I pray you not to stare at yourself as any vulgar child might do.

INFANTA

But it makes me happy to see myself and I *do* so want to be happy on my birthday. [*She sighs—then turns to CHAMBERLAIN.*] Go now, and tell my Cousin the Count of Tierra-Nueva that I am ready to receive him. [*As she goes toward throne she stops again to admire herself in the mirror.*] I *will* be happy on my birthday! [*Seats herself on throne.*] Tell me, Duchess, what my birthday surprise is to be.

DUCHESS

Perhaps you can guess.

INFANTA

Last year we had a sham bull fight, so it won't be that. Is it a puppet show?

DUCHESS

No, Princess.

INFANTA

Is it to be an African juggler who can make green and gold snakes come out of his pipe and who can change my fan into a lovely blue bird?

DUCHESS

No, Princess.

INFANTA

Perhaps a troupe of gypsies is coming to play their wild music to me and to tell my fortune.

DUCHESS

No, Princess.

INFANTA

When I was eight years old I had such a nice dancing bear. I wish I had it now—or, some little Barbary apes. Or else—Oh, I'd like so much better to have a little Dwarf to dance for me. How I wish my birthday surprise might be a Dwarf! Is it that?

DUCHESS

Yes, Princess, you have guessed.

INFANTA

[*Clasps her hands and laughs.*] Oh, that will be splendid!

[CHAMBERLAIN *enters and announces* COUSIN.]

CHAMBERLAIN

Count Tierra-Nueva.

COUSIN

[*Approaches throne.*] May your birthday be most happy, Royal Cousin, Infanta of Spain and of the Indies! [*He kisses her hand and gives her a rose as a birthday gift.*]

INFANTA

I thank you, good cousin. [*Steps down from throne, goes to mirror and arranges the rose in her hair.*] We shall both be happy for a new little Dwarf is coming to dance for us today.

COUSIN

That will be better than the wonderful sham bull fight we had last year when you were eleven years old. Do you remember the bull fight, Infanta?

INFANTA

Yes, Cousin, you were such a good Toreador and it was a marvellous bull fight, much nicer than the real one I saw at Seville.

COUSIN

And the bull himself, how like a live bull he acted when I waved my scarlet cloak before him. And what a good fight he made until I plunged my wooden sword into his neck with such force that his pasteboard head came right off.

INFANTA

And then we saw that the bull was only little Monsieur de Lorraine, the son of the French Ambassador, dressed up in the skin of a real animal.

COUSIN

And all the children were so excited! Do you remember? They stood upon the benches and waved their handkerchiefs and

cried out, "Bravo toro! Bravo toro!" just as if they were at a real bull fight.

INFANTA

Birthdays are wonderful! On *ordinary* days I must walk up and down the terrace all alone because I am a King's daughter and there is no one quite high enough in rank to play with me. But my birthday is an exception. I am so glad my father, the King allows my young friends to play with me *one* day in the year.

COUSIN

The children are waiting now in the courtyard. I saw them playing at hide and seek round the stone vases and the old statues as I came through the gardens.

INFANTA

They shall come in to see my new Dwarf dance. [*To CHAMBERLAIN.*] Go now, and tell my young friends I am ready to receive them—and then bring in my Dwarf.

[*COUSIN escorts INFANTA to her throne where she sits in state ready to receive her friends.*]

DUCHESS

Always remember, Infanta, that you are a Princess of the blood royal, while your little friends are your inferiors in birth.

[*The INFANTA tosses her head impatiently. The CHAMBERLAIN ushers in the children who enter according to their rank, and bowing low before the INFANTA group themselves around the throne, fluttering their big fans and whispering to each other.*]

[CURTAIN]

SCENE II

[CHAMBERLAIN *enters in front of curtain with DWARF.*]

DWARF

[*Clutches at hand of* CHAMBERLAIN.] Good sir, I am afraid.

CHAMBERLAIN

Of what are you afraid, my child?

DWARF

Oh, Sir, I've never been in a palace before. I am afraid the Infanta will not like me. I don't know how I look for I have never seen myself, but I want to make her happy. I want to make her smile. Do you think *I* could make her feel happy?

CHAMBERLAIN

I hope so, my poor boy.

DWARF

Why do you call me a poor boy? I am not poor now. See—I have all this gold. My father is a charcoal burner in the big forest and we *were* very poor. But one day a hunter came through the wood and saw me dancing for my brothers. My brothers clapped their hands and laughed, for it makes them happy to see me dance. Then the hunter gave my father so much gold that he is rich now, and he said: "Your boy shall go to the Court of Spain and dance for the Infanta. Perhaps he

may even make the King smile." Tell me, kind sir, why doesn't the King ever smile?

CHAMBERLAIN

The King has never smiled since the Queen died, and that was more than eleven years ago, when the Princess was six months old. Since the Queen's death the King has been wedded to Sorrow.

DWARF

I am sorry for the King and I am sorry for the little Princess whose mother died so long ago. I hope I can make her happy. I'll tell her about my little friends, the birds and the squirrels that live in the great wood. I'll show her all the wild dances I know. I have made them all up myself. There's the dance of the red leaves in autumn [*counts on fingers*], the light dance of the waving yellow corn, the dance of the white snow flakes in winter and the blossom-dance through the orchards in spring.

CHAMBERLAIN

I think the Infanta will like them.

[CURTAIN GOES UP]

SCENE III

CHAMBERLAIN

Princess, your Birthday Surprise!

DWARF

[*Approaches throne, smiling and nodding to children and makes low bow before INFANTA.*] Princess, I hope you will like me.

INFANTA

[Laughs heartily.]

Yes, boy, I do like you.

DWARF

The birds in the forest like me, too. Shall I tell you about the birds, Princess?

INFANTA

Why do you think the birds like you?

DWARF

I know the cry of every bird. I can call the starlings from the tree top and the heron from the lake. I know where the wood pigeons build their nests. All my birds are quite tame. They will eat out of my hands every morning for I am always kind to them. And when the bitter cold weather comes, when the ground is as hard as iron and there are no berries on the trees, then I never forget my birds. I always give them crumbs out of my hunch of black bread. So the birds fly round and round me—like this [*he shows her how the birds fly about*], just touching my cheek with their wings as they pass.

INFANTA

But sometimes aren't you a bit lonely in the forest?

DWARF

I couldn't be lonely, for I have the wild rabbits to play with. Oh, we scurry about together through the thick ferns like this

[*shows her how the rabbits scurry about*]. And when I am tired I can get into the hollow of some old oak tree and share my nuts with the squirrels [*shows how the squirrels sit in the oak tree eating their nuts*]. Then in the autumn when the pretty red leaves blow about I play I'm a leaf and dance about and about like this [*imitates a leaf blown about by the wind*]. Oh, it's never a bit lonely in the forest.

INFANTA

I'd like to go there and see for myself.

DUCHESS

Remember, Princess, that the children of charcoal burners are charcoal burners, while *you* are the Daughter of a King. It is time now for your siesta.

INFANTA

But I wish to have the Dwarf dance some more for me.

DUCHESS

After your siesta, Princess.

INFANTA

Very well, then. Boy, you have pleased me.

[*She laughs heartily and as she steps down from throne she takes the rose from her hair and throws it to the Dwarf, who makes his funny little bow to her as he seizes the rose and hugs it.*]

[*Exit INFANTA, followed by DUCHESS.*]

COUSIN

[*Displeased because the rose, his gift to the INFANTA, has been given to the DWARF, starts to leave the room, but stops near the DWARF.*] I'd like to have another bull fight. You should be the bull and I would kill you with my wooden sword! [*Exit COUSIN.*]

[*Children surround DWARF.*]

FIRST GIRL

I wonder if the Infanta really liked him.

SECOND GIRL

I think she said so to tease the Duchess and I think she threw him the rose just to tease the Count of Tierra-Nueva.

THIRD GIRL

He is really far too ugly to be allowed in the palace.

FOURTH GIRL

If I looked like that I'd drink poppy juice and go to sleep for a thousand years.

FIFTH GIRL

He should certainly be kept out of sight. See his hunched back and his thin legs.

SIXTH GIRL

Yes, his poor back is twisted and he certainly is extremely plain, still he cannot help it. He made me feel sad while he

danced about so merrily, just as the birds and leaves and animals really do.

[DWARF sits kissing the rose and making gestures of delight.]

CHAMBERLAIN

I beg to announce that a feast has been prepared for the young friends of the Infanta of Spain and of the Indies. There is a real birthday cake with the Infanta's own initials worked all over it in painted sugar, and a lovely silver flag waving from the top. You are therefore bidden to come to the royal banqueting hall which you are to enter in strict order of precedence, according to your rank, those who have the longest names going first.

[Children file out. DWARF still intent upon rose.]

CHAMBERLAIN

[To DWARF.] You may stay in this room and rest until the Infanta returns. Then you shall dance for her again.

[Exit CHAMBERLAIN.]

DWARF

She does like me! She has given me this rose because she likes me. [Puts rose carefully inside his coat.] I'm so glad that I made her happy. People always smile when they look at me. I never saw myself. I wish I could. I know I am not tall and straight as my brothers are, for once my back was broken. But I am strong. I am strong enough to carry the Infanta! If she would come to the forest with me I would carry her across the streams. And I would make her a necklace of red berries. I would bring her acorn-cups and dew-drenched anemones, and

tiny glow worms to be stars in the pale gold of her hair. I wonder if the King of Spain's Daughter would come to visit me? When she returns I will ask her.

[He walks around room and discovers the mirror. He has never seen a mirror before and looks in wonder at the stranger in it.]

DWARF

Boy—who are you? Why don't you speak? You are very funny to look at. You make me laugh.

[He laughs, and the figure in the mirror laughs back at him and it holds its hands to its sides just as he himself is doing. He makes it a mocking bow and it returns the bow. He goes toward it and it comes to meet him. He shouts with amusement and runs forward, and reaches out his hand. The hand of the figure touches his but it is as cold as ice. He grows afraid and puts his hand before his face. The figure does the same. The face of the figure is now close to his own and it seems full of terror. He makes faces at it and strikes at it.]

Little monster!

[He draws back and it retreats. He turns away and looks around the room and tries to think but is more confused when he sees everything reflected in the mirror. Then he starts and takes the rose from under his coat. He kisses it and turns toward the mirror, shouting.]

There is only one rose like this!

[But the figure in the mirror holds one just like it. Then the truth dawns upon him and he cries out.]

There is only one Boy! I am that Boy!

[Tears the rose to bits and sinks down to the floor, writhing in grief.]

[CURTAIN]

SCENE IV

[Enter INFANTA followed by DUCHESS, COUSIN and CHAMBERLAIN. DWARF still huddled in a heap of sorrow on the floor.]

INFANTA

He was funny when he danced but he is funnier now. He would almost make my father, the King, smile. *[To DWARF.]* Now you must dance for me again.

[DWARF suddenly gives a curious gasp and clutches his side. Then he falls back again and lies quite still.]

COUSIN

[Goes to DWARF and touches him with his foot.] You must dance, little monster. You must dance. The Infanta of Spain and the Indies wishes to be amused.

[The DWARF does not move.]

CHAMBERLAIN

[Goes over and kneels beside the little DWARF and puts his hand upon the DWARF's heart. He shrugs his shoulders, rises and makes a low bow to the INFANTA.] My beautiful Princess, your funny little Dwarf will never dance again.

INFANTA

But why will he not dance again?

CHAMBERLAIN

Because his heart is broken.

INFANTA

[*Stamps her foot in impatience and tosses her head.*] For
the future let those who come to dance for *me* have no hearts!
[*She runs out of the room.*]

THE END

THE PRINCESS WHO HID HER SHOES

THE PRINCESS WHO HID HER SHOES

This is a jolly sketch and a good after-clap to follow a presentation of The Birthday of the Infanta. It is all bright and gay and easy to give. The story is one of a collection of Swedish fairy tales, all of them delightful. If the one who takes the part of the Prince does not know how to play a lute, he may learn in time for the performance. That has happened.

CHARACTERS

THE PRINCE

THE KING

THE PRINCESS

SCENE I. A room in the King's castle.

SCENE II. In the midst of a forest.

SCENE III. A room in the King's castle.

STAGE SETTINGS AND DIRECTIONS

SCENE I. A room in the King's castle. An entrance at the right and a window at the back of the stage are needed. Hangings for the background may be deep blue or dark rose. There is one chair of state—a mission style will do, or cover any large, straight chair with material that harmonizes with hangings on wall. There is a low chair or stool for the PRINCE. Books and music are scattered about the floor.

SCENE II. In the midst of the forest. Wild roses all about. Use dark green hangings for the background. The PRINCESS sits on a moss-covered rock for which cover a barrel or box with green or grey cloth. The wild roses and vines may be made of paper and twined over a hinged screen of green burlap to make a bower.

SCENE III. Same as Scene I.

COSTUMES

Conventional fairy tale costumes with crowns and ermine are worn by this PRINCE and KING. The PRINCE wears pale rose-colored tights or longhose, and a green tunic trimmed with bands of ermine. The KING has a long purple robe trimmed with ermine. His hair is grey and he wears a beard.

The PRINCESS must have red hair or a red wig. She wears a "dress as blue as the sky, embroidered with purple and green—a necklace of many rows of pearls and a coronet studded with blue and green gems; and green velvet shoes embroidered with gold and pearls" (so the book says).

Silkoline or cambric can be used for costume materials. Make ermine with spots of India ink on cotton wadding.



THE PRINCESS WHO HID HER SHOES

SCENE I

PRINCE

[*Sits alone in his room with a lute in his hand.*] To be sure, I must inherit my father's kingdom some time and become King myself; for am I not the King's only son? Yet—not one straw do I care either for affairs of state or for the splendors of the court. The only thing I care about is to play upon my lute. I can make up all the melodies myself and I'd like to be left alone from morning till night to play them. [*Plays upon the lute.*] I can play, aye, indeed, better than anyone; but, alas! I cannot sing the least little bit. I must say it really is most provoking that I, who can play so well, cannot even sing to my own music. If only there were someone to sing to my playing!

[KING *knocks and enters.*]

PRINCE

Pray be seated, my royal father. [*Continues to play.*]

KING

Can't you stop that twanging on the strings for half a moment? [*Strokes his beard impatiently.*] I have an important matter to discuss with you.

PRINCE

[*Puts his lute down and looks utterly miserable.*] Well, what is it about?

KING

Well, nothing more or less than that I am thinking of marrying you, my boy, and my choice has fallen upon a Princess who is young and pretty and who suits me admirably in every respect. You will please be prepared to ride off tomorrow to woo her.

PRINCE

[*Sighing and passing his fingers through his hair, looks perfectly distracted.*] One never can be left in peace, and now, added to everything, I must go off and get married!

KING

Now don't let us have any fuss about it. You ought to be thankful to get such a pretty wife.

PRINCE

But I have never seen her. I don't even know what she looks like.

KING

That is a small matter. When you are once married you can sit and look at each other for the rest of your lives and that, perhaps, will be more than enough for you. Besides, I have seen her and can tell you that she has red hair and black eyes.

PRINCE

Red hair! It is my abomination. If she has red hair and black eyes she must look exactly like a red fox!

KING

You talk like the foolish person you are. But the matter is already settled. Tomorrow you must be off to woo the Princess. I will see that you go with a retinue befitting your rank; and now I must be going.

PRINCE

[Opens door for the KING; bows low and closes the door after him, then bursts forth indignantly.] H'm. Two can play at this little game. I have made up my mind what I shall do. I shall run away. *[Takes silken purse which he fills with money, slings his lute over his shoulder, steps through window and scrambles over wall and away he goes.]*

[CURTAIN]

SCENE II

[A forest thick with briar rose bushes, filled with pink blossoms. PRINCE looks about admiringly; then stoops to pick a rose and catches sight of a little shoe of green velvet, all embroidered with gold and real pearls, down amid the bushes. Picks up shoe.]

PRINCE

[Laughs softly to himself.] A shoe! a shoe! Well, where there is one shoe there are probably two. *[Pokes about in the bushes and finds another shoe precisely like the first.]* Now, how did the shoes get into the bushes? *[Looks about and sees a faint path through the grass.]* Ha! ha! someone has crept away into the thicket just here. *[He follows the path and comes upon a spot thicker than ever with roses.]* Any number of roses here! *[Suddenly hears a voice singing.]* Could that be a bird? No. Someone is singing!

[PRINCE presses forward to an old lime tree with long, drooping branches, roses climbing up over the branches—underneath a moss-covered stone and on the stone a PRINCESS is sitting. She wears a crown on her hair, her eyes are cast down, for she is threading berries on a straw and singing to herself. She has reddish hair and very white hands. Her dress is blue. She wears a necklace of many rows of small, creamy pearls. She has on flaming red stockings but no shoes!]

PRINCE

[Gently pulling the branches aside gives a low whistle.]

PRINCESS

O-h, O-h! [*Her screams wake the ECHO. She hastily draws her feet in under her.*]

PRINCE

Why do you scream so? I am not at all dangerous.

PRINCESS

[*Sees the shoes in his hand.*] Oh, kind sir, you have my shoes. Please give me my shoes.

PRINCE

Yes, I will give you your shoes, if you will first tell me why you hid them under a wild rose bush, you queer little maid.

PRINCESS

[*Sighing.*] I took them off so that my feet should make no mark as I came through the wood and I hid them so that no one should find them and try to follow me, for I am running away from home. [*She sighs.*]

PRINCE

But why are you running away?

PRINCESS

I will tell you. You see, my father wishes me to marry someone whom I have never seen.

PRINCE

[*Sits down on rock beside her.*] Why, that is exactly my case. My father, the King, says I must marry a horrid little Princess who looks just like a red fox, for she has red hair and black eyes.

And what is the Prince like whom your father wishes you to marry?

PRINCESS

Well, I have never seen him, of course, and I never want to, for I have heard that he is good for nothing and does nothing useful from morning to night.

PRINCE

He's not much like me then, for I can do one thing well myself. [*Swings his lute from off his shoulder.*] I can play beautifully upon my lute.

PRINCESS

Oh, do play a little for me.

[*PRINCE chooses his loveliest tune which so enchants the PRINCESS that she soon begins singing softly the same tune he plays. As he continues she makes up words to fit the music.*]

PRINCESS

[*Sings.*]

Free would I be—alone, to laugh or sigh,
But Love along my path springs lightly by.
When I do rest awhile—awhile rests he.
When I do walk—gaily he walks with me,
Was it black, was it red, was it fox-red hair?
Was it me, was it you, the lute's magic did snare?

Whate'er I willed, now will I more than all.
Love sweetly trilling, joins the charmed lute's call.

Say, do you weep, do you laugh?

Nay, you smile through your tears—

Say, who has stolen my heart, claimed my faith, stilled my fears?

See, my gold-broidered shoes!

Who has found my shoes?

Little green, little gold, little pearl-broidered shoes!

PRINCE

Ha! Ha! That was a jolly song! You are a perfect wonder!
How I've always longed for someone to sing whilst I played my lute.

PRINCESS

I should like always to do that.

PRINCE

Then—let's live here in the wood. We can play and sing together and I have a purse full of money, so we'll get on very well.

PRINCESS

[*Doubtfully.*] Y-e-s. But what could we buy here in the wood? There is not much to be had.

PRINCE

Well, then, we'd better be going back to my father and I'll tell him you are the only Princess I will ever marry.

PRINCESS

But are you sure about me? Isn't my hair too red?

PRINCE

Your hair is not red. It is a lovely golden color in the sunlight. Yes, your hair and your eyes are the loveliest I have ever seen.

PRINCESS

Oh, then, if you'll put on my shoes for me, we'll be going.

[PRINCE kneels and fastens the shoes over the red stockings and they start forth.]

[CURTAIN]

SCENE III

[End of Day.]

[KING sits at home in a bad temper. He looks out of the window.]

KING

By all the saints, isn't that my vagabond son, coming coolly along, twanging that everlasting old lute of his? But who is the little maid he has got hold of? There is a crown on her head. It glitters in the evening sunlight. Who in the name of fortune can she be?

[Door opens and on the threshold stand the PRINCE and PRINCESS arm in arm.]

PRINCE

My royal father, here you see the bride I have chosen. Her will I wed and no other in the world.

KING

[*Stroking his beard.*] How did you get hold of *her*?

PRINCE

First I found her shoes and then I found her heart.

KING

[*Laughing.*] And she is the very maid I had chosen for your bride.

PRINCE

She? [*Looking at the KING and then at the PRINCESS in amazement.*] But you said she had black eyes and red hair and that she was like a horrid red fox.

KING

Tut! Tut! You said that yourself. But it is a small matter what color her hair is, as long as she is the right one.

PRINCE

And she is the right one, for she can sing my tunes although she never heard them before, and we mean to sing and play together for the rest of our lives.

KING

Then we are all agreed. [*Holds out his hands and embraces them both.*]

THE END

[Dramatized, by permission, from "Jolly Calle," by Helena Nyblom, published by E. P. Dutton & Co. and J. M. Dent & Sons.]

TAMLANE

TAMLANE

"The steed that my true-love rides on
Is lighter than the wind;
With silver he is shod before,
With burning gold behind.

* * * * *

Janet has kilted her green kirtle
A little above her knee,
And she has snooded her yellow hair
A little above her bree,
And she's away to Carterhaugh
As fast as she can hie."

This dramatization of an old ballad is a suggestion for Halloween. Touches of late autumn color and signs of the harvest season, with nuts, apples, cabbages and pumpkins will give it atmosphere. Appropriate music and dancing add charm and eeriness as the QUEEN OF ELFLAND and her knights pass Miles Cross at midnight.

CHARACTERS

OLD NURSE
JANET
QUEEN OF ELFLAND
ELFIN KNIGHTS
TAMLANE
ELVES
SPIRITS
WILL-O'-WISP

SCENE I. Interior of NURSE's cottage.
SCENE II. The Plain of Carterhaugh.
SCENE III. Interior of NURSE's cottage.

STAGE SETTINGS

The interior of the Nurse's cottage should have brown hangings for the background. Little furniture is needed—a rough bench, table and hearth with apples, nuts, cabbages and pumpkins about.

For the second scene have a well or spring at the left, near front of stage. Miles Cross is at the back in center of stage. If an old well is represented, use a packing box covered with cloth to look like stones. Have ropes and a bucket hanging from arch overhead. A spring may be indicated instead of a well. Then cover small boxes with cloth to look like stones and arrange them around a spring of water. Roses and vines may be made with paper. Miles Cross is an old stone cross and can be made of Compo board.

COSTUMES

THE OLD NURSE wears a plain dark, peasant dress. She has a shrewd, kindly face. Her hair is white, covered with a hood or with cloth wound about her head and shoulders.

JANET'S dress is a long loose robe. She has a snood or lace cap and a green mantle.

TAMLANE wears tights, a short tunic and high, soft shoes with the tops turned back. He has a small cap with feather. As he comes in with Elfin Knights he is covered with a white sheet.

WILL-O'-WISP has grey-green draperies of soft, filmy material like cheesecloth. An electric flashlight should be fastened to the front of the costume.

THE ELFIN KNIGHTS wear black, brown and milk-white sheets covering their heads and bodies. The dancing spooks wear green, brown, black and red draperies.

LITTLE ELVES in dyed union suits and stocking caps accompany the Elf-Queen.

QUEEN OF ELFLAND is dressed in fairy costume of diaphanous material with gauzy wings, crown and scepter.



TAMLANE

SCENE I. HALLOWEEN

[*Interior of NURSE's cottage. JANET and her old nurse sit together.*]

JANET

[*Paring an apple.*] This mellow pippin round and round I'll pare to see if it will tell my true-love's name. [*She flings the unbroken paring overhead. It falls into a T on the floor. JANET and NURSE look eagerly at it.*] T! A good T! That is for Tamlane. He was my true-love but he will never come again, I fear.

NURSE

Don't say so, my own lassie. Who knows but he may come back again. How many years ago did he ride away to the hunting?

JANET

Seven long years ago he gave me this ring when we plighted our troth and then one day he rode off on his horse to Carterhaugh to hawk and to hunt as he liked to do. But he never came back from his hunting.

NURSE

A bonny knight he was—fair haired and strong! But bad luck was with him when he went over the plain of Carterhaugh where fairies and spirits have stolen many mortals and carried them off to fairyland. Now mark my words, Janet, I believe the Elf-Queen has him in her power. A stately knight he would be to hold in her company. I know he rides with her now, Janet.

JANET

How can you know that?

NURSE

Oh, I know what I know and I can see more than other folks see, for I was born on Halloween. They that are born on Halloween have second sight and strange power. If Tamlane is still your true-love, I can tell you how to free him from Elfland if you are brave and strong enough, lassie.

JANET

Oh, tell me then, if aught that I can do will bring him back to the world.

NURSE

When the fairies are full of power, mortals can do naught against them, but sometimes they lose their power and then if we are wise we can overcome them. This night is Halloween when spirits and fairies are abroad. Out on the plain of Carterhaugh the Elfin Court is gathering. Tamlane will be among them. He longs to return to his mortal form and on this hallowed night when the fairies' power is weakest you can go out to Carterhaugh and win him from the Elf-Queen. But woe to you if you are not taught beforehand what you must do.

JANET

Carterhaugh is my own land. My daddie gave it to me. I'll ask no leave of mortal nor of fairy and no one shall forbid me to do as I will on Carterhaugh. If Tamlane is there I will go seek for him this night. [*She starts.*]

NURSE

Stay, Janet. There are many strange knights in the Elfin company, who steal tribute from maidens who go by Carterhaugh. So snood your lovely hair, lassie, lest they seize it for its gold. Put your green mantle over your kirtle and give the ring to Tamlane only, if you would come safely back from Carterhaugh this night. [*NURSE fastens JANET's hair under a snood and places the green mantle over her shoulders.*] Now make haste to the spring that is near to Miles Cross. Make your way softly amongst the briars and thorns and pull a rose or mayhap two roses from a bush there. If Tamlane is still your true-love, he will speak to you.

JANET

Then I will gladly go and win him if I may.

[*She goes out.*]

[CURTAIN]

SCENE II

[*The Plain of Carterhaugh. Moonlight. An old well or spring at left of stage. Miles Cross in center at back of stage. JANET comes to a rose bush at the spring. She pulls one rose, then another. TAMLANE'S voice speaks to her from out the well. The voice has a strange, unearthly sound.*]

TAMLANE

Lady, why do you come to Carterhaugh and why do you pull the rose?

JANET

Carterhaugh is my own land. I ask no leave of any to do as I will. Tell me your true name, if you want aught of me.

TAMLANE

It is I—Tamlane—who speaks to you, Janet. You wear my ring on your finger. Throw the ring to me in the well if you are still my true-love.

JANET

Tell me first if ever you were christened in holy chapel—Tamlane?

TAMLANE

That was I, Lady Janet. My father was Randolph, Earl of Murray. I am as high born as you. These many years I have been held captive by the Queen of Elfland. This night is the only time in all the year when I come to the well and wait for you to release me from her spell. Give me the ring as a token, Janet, if you will set me free.

JANET

Here is the ring. [*She throws it into the well.*] How can I set you free, Tamlane?

TAMLANE

This night is Halloween. Between the hours of twelve and one the Queen and all the fairies of the Elfin Court ride over the plain. Be at Miles Cross on the stroke of twelve and watch for me among the knights with the Queen of Elfland.

JANET

But how shall I know you among so many unearthly knights, the like of which I've never seen?

TAMLANE

The first company that comes will be black. Let them go by. The second will be brown. Let them pass also and say nothing to them. But the third will be milk-white and I shall ride in that company. My right hand will be gloved but my left bare save for the ring upon it. As I pass, seize me quickly and pull me down to the ground.

JANET

And what shall I do next, Tamlane?

TAMLANE

When they find that you have taken me, they will use all their magic to get me away from you, but hold me fast. They will change me into many shapes in your arms, first into a snake, then into a bear, next into red hot iron and burning coal but at last into my true shape. Then throw your green mantle over me and I'll rise and go away with you. If you fear not to win me through it all, make haste to Miles Cross, for it is now the mirk and midnight hour when the fairy folk ride forth.

JANET

As I am your true-love and you are mine, I'll not fail you at Miles Cross, Tamlane.

[She goes and stands at Miles Cross.]

[A bell strikes twelve times for midnight. Between the strokes there is first the sound of an owl hooting, then other weird noises and strange fairy music played on pipes, as the Elfin Court begins to pass by. There may be a sound of horses' hoofs and of bridles clanking off stage. The ELFIN company must be uncanny in appearance. WILL-o'-WISP flits before them. Take plenty of time for these apparitions and improve opportunities for dancing. First there are spooks in black, then brown and finally the milk-white, with the QUEEN OF ELFLAND and TAMLANE, whose ungloved hand with the ring upon it is in evidence.]

[As the milk-white knights pass, JANET runs forward, seizes TAMLANE and pulls him to the ground. At once there is an outcry from the other knights.]

ELFIN KNIGHTS

He's taken! Tamlane's taken from amongst us all!

QUEEN OF ELFLAND

Use all the magic of Elfland upon them! Turn him into an adder! [*Enter spooks dressed in green who dance about in a sort of serpent dance threatening JANET and hissing.*] Turn him into a bear! [*Brown spooks dance heavily in bear fashion about them.*] Try fire and red hot coals upon them! [*Creatures in red and black now dance about them.* JANET holds TAMLANE fast and throws her green mantle over him. The Elfin magic fails. TAMLANE in his true shape rises and goes off stage at right with JANET.]

QUEEN OF ELFLAND

[*From out a bush of broom, wailing and shrieking.*] She's taken away Tamlane, the bonniest, bonniest knight of all my company! Oh, Tamlane! Tamlane! Had I but known what I see now, I would have taken out your two grey eyes and put in two eyes of wood. And I would have paid the Fiend his tribute seven times over to keep you, Tamlane! Tamlane!

[CURTAIN]

SCENE III

[*Interior of NURSE's Cottage.*]

[JANET and TAMLANE have just entered.]

NURSE

The Saints be praised that no harm came to my lassie this gloomy night! [*She takes JANET's hair down from under the*

snood and strokes it lovingly.] 'Twas an eerie way she went to seek you, Tamlane, but I knew you'd be waiting by the well on Halloween for Janet to take you away from the fairies. How did they steal you and hold you in Fairyland these seven years?

TAMLANE

Bad luck was with me that cold, windy day when I rode home from the hunting. I fell from my horse on Carterhaugh plain and deep sleep came upon me. The Queen of Elves caught me then and carried me off to yonder green hill to serve her for seven years.

JANET

Is Fairyland pleasant to dwell in, Tamlane?

TAMLANE

In Fairyland there is no pain nor sickness. The air is warm and pleasant and full of strange, sweet music. The fairies cannot bear solemn sounds but love merry, tinkling tunes. Mortals would dwell happily there but for fear of the Fiend. Once in seven years the Elf-Queen must pay her tribute to the Fiend in Hell. He takes away the bonniest of her knights and this year I feared 'twould be myself.

JANET

The Elf-Queen is very fair. Were you happy with her, Tamlane?

TAMLANE

When she sits at home in her green hill combing her golden hair with a silver comb she is very fair, but I wanted you, Janet,

and every year at Halloween I've waited at the well with longing for you.

NURSE

My lassie is the fairest flower of all the maids in her father's hall. She's bonnier than the Elf-Queen herself. I was born on Halloween and have seen the fairies and know their tricks. Tamlane had to serve the Elf-Queen seven years before her power could be broken, and 'twas I told my lassie how to win her true-love. Now he is free forever from the fairies and when he is blessed in Holy Chapel again, Tamlane shall be a stately groom for my Lady Janet.

THE END

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

By JOHN BUNYAN

What enchantment there is in the very words Wicket Gate, The Prince's Arbour and The Delectable Mountains! To the initiated they offset the terrors of the Slough of Despond, The Hill of Difficulty, Doubting Castle and Giant Despair. Boys and girls may skip some of the religious discourse as they go through the book, but Bunyan's fancies will stick to them "like burs."

There is no more human document than Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. His Great Heart and Valiant-for-Truth live in every age. As a tribute to Theodore Roosevelt on the day of his funeral, a club of boys, meeting at a public library, read from *Pilgrim's Progress* the passages referring to Great Heart. This led to further reading of the book and suggested its dramatization.

The play is in two parts, which may be given separately, but together they make an effective whole. This adaptation is really a series of living pictures shown to the accompaniment of Bunyan's poetic language. The scene at Vanity Fair enlivens the first part and fierce encounters with the race of giants supply action in both parts.

PART I

This Book it chalketh out before thine eyes
The man that seeks the everlasting Prize;
It shews you whence he comes, whither he goes,
What he leaves undone; also what he does:
It also shews you how he runs, and runs
Till he unto the Gate of Glory comes.

This Book will make a Traveller of thee,
If by its Counsel thou wilt rul-ed be;
It will direct thee to the Holy Land,
If thou wilt its Directions understand:
Yea, it will make the slothful, active be;
The Blind also delightful things to see.

Art thou for something rare, and profitable?
Would'st thou see a Truth within a Fable?
Art thou forgetful? wouldst thou remember
From New-year's-day to the last of December?
Then read my fancies, they will stick like Burs,
And may be to the Helpless, Comforters.

This Book is writ in such a Dialect,
As may the minds of listless men affect:
It seems a Novelty, and yet contains
Nothing but sound and honest Gospel-strains.

Would'st thou divert thyself from Melancholy?
Would'st thou be pleasant, yet be far from folly?
Would'st thou read Riddles, and their Explanation?
Or else be drowned in thy Contemplation?
Dost thou love picking meat? Or would'st thou see
A man i' th' Clouds, and hear him speak to thee?
Would'st thou be in a Dream, and yet not sleep?
Or, would'st thou in a moment laugh, and weep?
Would'st thou lose thyself, and catch no harm?
And find thyself again without a charm?
Would'st read thyself, and read thou know'st not what,
And yet know, whether thou art blest or not,
By reading the same lines? O then come hither,
And lay my Book, thy Head, and Heart together.

JOHN BUNYAN.

PART I

CHARACTERS

CHRISTIAN

CHRISTIANA, *Christian's wife*

CHRISTIAN'S CHILDREN:

MATTHEW

JAMES

JOSEPH

SAMUEL

EVANGELIST

NEIGHBORS [*there may be few or many*]

GOODWILL

APOLLYON

FAITHFUL

PEOPLE OF VANITY FAIR

GREAT ONE OF THE FAIR

JUDGE

WITNESSES:

ENVY

SUPERSTITION

PICKTHANK

THE JURY:

MR. BLINDMAN, *foreman*

MR. NO-GOOD

MR. LOVE-LUST

MR. LIVE-LOOSE

MR. HEADY

MR. HIGH-MIND

MR. ENMITY

MR. LIAR

MR. CRUELTY

MR. HATE-LIGHT

MR. IMPLACABLE

HOPEFUL

GIANT DESPAIR

MESSENGERS

SCENE I. A Street

SCENE II. The Wicket Gate

SCENE III. The Valley of Humiliation

SCENE IV. Vanity Fair

SCENE V. Doubting Castle of Giant Despair

SCENE VI. The River

STAGE SETTINGS AND DIRECTIONS

Have an entrance at the back and one at each side of the stage.

Two levels will be necessary. The upper level can be made by putting heavy library tables together at the back of the stage or place planks on saw horses and cover with brown cloth to correspond with background on wall. The progress is made across the stage from left to right.

SCENE I. Background of dark brown hangings for upper level. Use denim or cambric. Hinged screens of brown burlap are used as background for lower level. The action is confined to lower level.

SCENE II. Wicket Gate. Use both levels. Brown hangings for upper level. Brown screens at back of lower level with wicket gate in center of stage. Make gate of Compo board. Inscribe at top of gate:

Knock and it Shall
Be Opened unto You.

A large knocker may be fastened upon the gate.

SCENE III. The Valley of Humiliation. Use lower level with brown screens at the back—minus wicket gate.

SCENE IV. Vanity Fair. Use both levels in this scene. On the upper level arrange screens to make booths where all sorts of merchandise can be displayed for sale. Let there be Jugglings, Games, Cheats, Fools, Knaves, a Clown beating a drum and on the lower level people trading at the Fair. A great hubbub until the Pilgrims enter.

SCENE V. Doubting Castle on lower level. The dungeon is in the center at the back of the stage. The dungeon door is made of iron bars. Make framework of door of wood or

Compo board with black strips of cloth across for iron bars. CHRISTIAN and HOPEFUL in the dungeon must be seen and heard by audience.

SCENE VI. The River. Use both levels in this scene. Stretch an upright strip of black cloth across the front of the stage as high as the floor of the second level to represent the river of death through which the Pilgrims pass. The upper level is the river bank. The Gate of the Celestial City is in the center of the stage at the back of the upper level. It is made of gold. Use gold paint on Compo board for Gate. As the Gate opens there should be bright light behind it.

COSTUMES

Consult various illustrated editions of *Pilgrim's Progress*: The Rhead edition (Century), the Puritan edition (Revell) or an English edition published by Black which gives pictures in color.

CHRISTIAN wears coarse, somewhat ragged garments cut in Puritan fashion—coat with broad white collar and cuffs and knickerbockers. His "burden" is a bundle fastened to his back with ropes.

CHRISTIANA is dressed in dark grey or blue with white cap and kerchief.

The Boys' clothes are similar to **CHRISTIAN**'s. They are bare-headed.

EVANGELIST has a large Puritan high hat and wears a long, dark cape.

Some of the **NEIGHBORS** may have gayer colors and Cavalier touches in their costumes.

APOLLYON. A large boy should take this part. A union suit is the foundation for the costume. On it draw or paint green scales like a fish. Fasten to the belly strips of red cloth for flames of fire. Make his face a grotesque mask with the mouth of a lion. His feet are like a bear. He has large bat wings made out of black cloth wired and fastened to his back and arms.

The People of Vanity Fair are gaily dressed in contrast to the Pilgrims—some of them have fine Cavalier costumes. There can be great variety here. The **GREAT ONE** is elegantly dressed. His hat has a broad brim and a fine plume. He wears a wide lace collar.

The faces of the JURY and WITNESSES are made up to indicate their character.

The JUDGE has a wig, a black cap, a long black robe with white frilled ruffles at neck and wrists.

FAITHFUL's costume may be blue and HOPEFUL's grey or light brown.

GIANT DESPAIR. A large boy is needed for this part. He may come in on stilts. At the end of the scene he falls in a fit. He is rough and hairy, with a hideous face. A fur rug or robe can be fastened around him. He has a crab-tree cudgel and a lantern.

The MESSENGERS wear shining robes. Make long, loose garments of white, glazed cambric. Wings of the same material made on a wire frame may be fastened to their backs.



THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

SCENE I

[CHRISTIAN, a man clothed with rags, standing with his face from his own house, a book in his hand, and a great burden upon his back. He opens the book and reads, sighing and trembling.]

CHRISTIAN

What shall I do?

[Enter wife and four children at left of stage.]

O my dear wife and you, my children, I am in myself undone by reason of a burden that lieth hard upon me. What shall I

do to be saved? Is there no way of escape? [*looks this way and that way as if he would run, yet stands still unable to tell which way to go.*]

[*Enter EVANGELIST at right of stage.*]

EVANGELIST

Wherefore dost thou cry?

CHRISTIAN

Sir, I perceive by the book in my hand that I am condemned to die, and after that to come to judgment, and I find that I am not willing to die.

EVANGELIST

Why not willing to die, since this life is attended with so many evils?

CHRISTIAN

Because I fear that this burden that is upon my back will sink me lower than the grave, and I shall fall into Tophet.

EVANGELIST

If this be thy condition, why standest thou still?

CHRISTIAN

Because I know not whither to go.

[*EVANGELIST hands him a parchment roll.*]

[*Reading.*] "Flee from the wrath to come." Whither must I flee? [*looks carefully at EVANGELIST.*]

EVANGELIST

[*Points to right with his finger over a very wide field.*] Do you see yonder Wicket Gate?

CHRISTIAN

No.

EVANGELIST

Do you see yonder shining light?

CHRISTIAN

I think I do.

EVANGELIST

Keep that light in thine eye, and go up directly thereto, so shalt thou see the gate, at which when thou knockest, it shall be told thee what thou shalt do.

[CHRISTIAN starts but his wife and children cry after him to return.]

CHRISTIANA AND CHILDREN

Turn again! Do not leave us!

CHRISTIAN

[*Putting his fingers in his ears runs on, crying*] Life! life! Eternal life!

[NEIGHBORS come out to see him run. Some mock, others threaten and some cry for him to return.]

NEIGHBORS

Turn again! Keep thou at home! Turn again!

[CURTAIN]

SCENE II

[*The Wicket Gate.*]

[*Over the gate it is written "Knock and it shall be opened unto you."*]

CHRISTIAN

[*Knocking more than once or twice.*]

May I now enter here? Will he within
Open to sorry me, though I have been
An undeserving rebel? Then shall I
Not fail to sing his lasting praise on high.

[*GOODWILL opens gate.*]

GOODWILL

Who is here? Whence came you? What will you have?

CHRISTIAN

Here is a poor burdened sinner [*points to burden on his back*]. I come from the City of Destruction, but am going to Mount Zion, that I may be delivered from the wrath to come. I am informed that by this Gate is the way thither. Are you willing to let me in?

GOODWILL

I am willing with all my heart. [*Opens gate and pulls him in. They ascend to upper level.*] But how is it that you come alone?

CHRISTIAN

Because none of my neighbors saw their danger as I saw mine.

GOODWILL

Did any of them know of your coming?

CHRISTIAN

Yes, my wife and children saw me at the first, and called after me to turn again; also some of my neighbors stood crying and calling after me to return; but I put my fingers in my ears and so came on my way. But, oh! what a favor is this to me that I am admitted here.

GOODWILL

Good Christian, come a little way with me, and I will teach thee about the way thou must go. [*They walk to right of stage.*] Look before thee; dost thou see this narrow way? It is as straight as a rule can make it; this is the way thou must go.

CHRISTIAN

But are there no turnings nor windings, by which a stranger may lose his way?

GOODWILL

Yes, there are many ways butt down upon this, and they are crooked and wide; but thus thou must distinguish the right

from the wrong: the right only being straight and narrow. As to thy burden, be content to bear it until thou comest to the place of deliverance; for there it will fall from thy back of itself.

CHRISTIAN

Goodwill, may the Lord be with thee and add to all thy blessings much increase for the kindness thou hast shewed to me.

GOODWILL

And may God speed thee on the way.

[CHRISTIAN goes out at right of stage.]

[CURTAIN]

SCENE III.

[*Valley of Humiliation.* CHRISTIAN has lost his burden. HE meets APOLLYON. Enter APOLLYON, clothed with scales like a fish, has wings like a dragon, feet like a bear, out of his belly come fire and smoke, his mouth like a lion.]

APOLLYON

Whence came you? And whither are you bound?

CHRISTIAN

I am come from the City of Destruction, and am going to the City of Zion.

APOLLYON

Then art thou one of my subjects, for that city you came from is mine and I am the Prince and God of it.

CHRISTIAN

I was born indeed in your dominions but I have now let myself to another, even to the King of Princes.

APOLLYON

Yet if thou wilt give him the slip and return again to me, all shall be well.

CHRISTIAN

But I have given him my faith and sworn my allegiance to him, and to speak truth, O thou destroying Apollyon, I like his service, his wages, his government and country better than thine. Therefore leave off to persuade me further. I am his servant and I will follow him.

APOLLYON

[*In a great rage.*] I am an enemy to this Prince. I hate his person, his laws, and people; I am come out on purpose to withstand thee.

CHRISTIAN

Apollyon, beware what you do; for I am in the King's highway, the way of holiness; therefore take heed to yourself.

APOLLYON

[*Straddling over the whole breadth of the way.*] Then prepare thyself to die; for I swear by my infernal den that thou shalt go no further: here will I spill thy soul.

[APOLLYON *throws a flaming dart at his breast, but CHRISTIAN has a shield with which he catches it. CHRISTIAN draws his sword and they fight. APOLLYON, yelling and hideously roaring, wounds CHRISTIAN in head, hand and foot. CHRISTIAN draws back and grows weaker. APOLLYON then wrestles with CHRISTIAN causing him to fall, but as APOLLYON prepares for the final blow, CHRISTIAN nimbly and quickly gives a dreadful thrust with his sword, making APOLLYON give back.*]

CHRISTIAN

Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy! when I fall, I shall arise. Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors, through him that loved us.

[*At these last words APOLLYON spreads forth his dragon wings and speeds himself away.*]

CHRISTIAN

I will here give thanks to him that did help me against Apollyon:

Great Beelzebub, the captain of this fiend,
Designed my ruin; therefore to this end
He sent him harnessed out; and he with rage
That hellish was, did fiercely me engage;
But blessed Michael helped me, and I,
By dint of sword did quickly make him fly;
Therefore to him let me give lasting praise
And thanks, and bless his holy name always.

[CURTAIN]

SCENE IV

[CHRISTIAN and FAITHFUL at Vanity Fair. The Fair is in full swing, with great hubbub until the Pilgrims enter at left of stage. FAITHFUL is a bit ahead of CHRISTIAN.]

CHRISTIAN

[Sees FAITHFUL before him.] Ho, ho! so ho! stay, and I will be your companion.

[FAITHFUL looks behind him and CHRISTIAN overtakes him.]

CHRISTIAN

My honored and well-beloved brother, Faithful, I am glad that I have overtaken you, that we can walk as companions in this path.

FAITHFUL

And I am glad, dear friend, to have your company. Know you that the town before us is called Vanity and at this town there is a fair kept, called Vanity Fair, because the town where it is kept is "lighter than vanity" and because all that is there sold is vanity. At this fair there is at all times to be seen jugglings, cheats, games, plays, fools, knaves and rogues and that of every kind.

[CHRISTIAN and FAITHFUL enter the fair, and all the people move in a hubbub about them. The Pilgrims are clothed in different raiment from that of those who trade in the fair. People therefore gaze upon them.]

PEOPLE

They are fools. They are bedlams. They are outlandish men.

[*The Pilgrims care not so much as to look upon the wares.*]

FAITHFUL

[*Looking upwards.*] Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity.

PEOPLE

[*Mockingly.*] What will ye buy?

FAITHFUL

[*Gravely.*] We buy the truth.

[*PEOPLE all mock, taunt and smite at the Pilgrims, causing such a stir that the GREAT ONE of the fair comes to inquire into the trouble.*]

GREAT ONE

Whence came you? Whither go you? And what do you in Vanity Fair?

FAITHFUL

We are pilgrims and strangers in the world and we are going to our own country which is the heavenly Jerusalem.

PEOPLE

They are bedlams and mad. [*Throw dirt at them.*]

GREAT ONE

We will take these men into examination for that they have put all things into a confusion in Vanity Fair. [*Calls together witnesses and chooses a Judge and a jury for a trial.*] Lord Hate-good shall be Judge. There shall be three witnesses, to wit, Envy, Superstition and Pickthank. The jury: Mr. Blind-man, Mr. No-good, Mr. Malice, Mr. Love-lust, Mr. Live-loose, Mr. Heady, Mr. High-mind, Mr. Enmity, Mr. Liar, Mr. Cruelty, Mr. Hate-light, and Mr. Implacable. [*Each steps forward and takes place for trial.*]

JUDGE

The indictment is this—that these men are enemies to and disturbers of our trade and that they have made commotions and divisions in our town. Let the witnesses be sworn.

GREAT ONE

[*To ENVY, SUPERSTITION and PICKTHANK.*] Hold up your right hands. You solemnly swear that the testimony you shall give concerning the cause now in question shall be the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

ENVY

I do.

SUPERSTITION

I do.

PICKTHANK

I do.

ENVY

[*Stands forward.*] My lord, I will attest upon my oath before this honorable bench that this man [*points to FAITHFUL*] condemns all our doings and the customs of our town of Vanity.

JUDGE

Let Envy stand by and let Superstition come forward.

SUPERSTITION

My lord, I have no great acquaintance with this man, nor do I desire to have further knowledge of him; however, this I know, that he is a very pestilent fellow, from some discourse that I had with him in this town.

JUDGE

What doth Pickthank know against the prisoner at the bar?

PICKTHANK

My lord, and you gentlemen all, this fellow have I heard speak things that ought not to be spoken; for he hath railed on our noble Prince Beelzebub and hath spoken contemptibly of our honorable friends, whose names are the Lord Old-man, the Lord Carnal Delight, the Lord Luxurious, the Lord Desire-of-vain-glory, my old Lord Lechery, Sir Having Greedy, with all the rest of our nobility.

JUDGE

[*To FAITHFUL.*] Thou renegade, heretic and traitor, hast thou heard what these honest gentlemen have witnessed against thee?

FAITHFUL

May I speak a few words in my own defence?

JUDGE

Sirrah, sirrah, let us hear what thou hast to say.

FAITHFUL

I have said that the prince of this town, with all the rabblement and his attendants, as named by Mr. Pickthank, are more fit for being in hell than in this town and country; and so the Lord have mercy upon me.

JUDGE

[*Calling JURY together.*] Gentlemen of the jury, you see this man, about whom so great an uproar hath been made in this town; you have also heard what these worthy gentlemen have witnessed against him; also you have heard his reply and confession; it lieth now in your breasts to hang him, or save his life; but yet I think meet to instruct you in our law. [*Reads from book of laws.*] There was an act made in the days of Pharaoh that those of a contrary religion should be thrown into the river. There was an act made in the days of Nebuchadnezzar the Great, that whoever would not fall down and worship his golden image should be thrown into the fiery furnace. Now the substance of our laws this rebel has broken and moreover he hath confessed his treason.

[*Jurymen step to one side.*]

MR. BLINDMAN [*foreman*]

I see clearly, that this man is an heretic.

MR. NO-GOOD

Away with such a fellow from the earth.

MR. MALICE

I hate the very looks of him.

MR. LOVE-LUST

I could never endure him.

MR. LIVE-LOOSE

Nor I, for he would always be condemning my way.

MR. HEADY

Hang him, hang him.

MR. HIGH-MIND

A sorry scrub.

MR. ENMITY

My heart riseth against him.

MR. LIAR

He is a rogue.

MR. CRUELTY

Hanging is too good for him.

MR. HATE-LIGHT

Let us despatch him out of the way.

MR. IMPLACABLE

Might I have all the world given me, I could not be reconciled to him.

[The JURY comes before the JUDGE.]

MR. BLINDMAN

We bring him in guilty of death.

JUDGE

And he deserveth to die the death.

[With a great uproar they take FAITHFUL off at left of stage, to hang him, scourging and buffeting him as they go.]

CHRISTIAN

Well, Faithful, thou hast faithfully profest
Unto thy Lord, of whom thou shalt be blest;
When faithless ones, with all their vain delights,
Are crying out under their hellish plights;
Sing, Faithful, sing, and let thy name survive;
For though they kill'd thee, thou art yet alive.

[CHRISTIAN escapes at right of stage.]

[CURTAIN]

SCENE V

[CHRISTIAN and HOPEFUL at Doubting Castle.]

HOPEFUL

I would enter into a brotherly covenant with thee, Christian, to be a companion in your pilgrimage.

CHRISTIAN

'Tis according to my wish, good Hopeful. In this green meadow we may lie down safely and refresh ourselves with sleep and then go our ways together.

[Night falls and it becomes dark as they sleep. Enter GIANT DESPAIR with lantern—see costume directions.]

GIANT DESPAIR

[In a grim and surly voice.]

Awake! awake! What do you in my grounds? You have this night trespassed on me, by trampling in and lying on my ground. Therefore you must go along with me. *[Takes up a crab-tree cudgel and falls to beating them. Puts them in dungeon and stands guard outside. He soon nods with sleep and snores.]*

[CHRISTIAN and HOPEFUL, very weak and bruised, consider what is best to do.]

CHRISTIAN

Brother, what shall we do? The life that we now live is miserable! Shall we be ruled by this giant? The grave would be better than this dungeon.

HOPEFUL

My brother, rememberest thou not how valiant thou hast been heretofore? Apollyon could not crush thee, and art thou now nothing but fears? Let us exercise a little more patience; remember how thou playedst the man at Vanity Fair.

CHRISTIAN

What a fool am I, thus to lie in a stinking dungeon, when I may as well walk at liberty. I have a key in my bosom, called Promise, that will, I am persuaded, open any lock in Doubting Castle.

HOPEFUL

That is good news, good brother, pluck it out of thy bosom, and try.

[CHRISTIAN pulls out key and unlocks door which flies open and both walk out. It becomes light. GIANT DESPAIR wakens and tries to pursue them, but his limbs fail, for sunlight causes him to have fits. Let him fall in a fit on ground. So the Pilgrims escape, placing a warning on a pillar: "Doubting Castle, kept by GIANT DESPAIR, who seeks to destroy holy pilgrims."]

CHRISTIAN AND HOPEFUL

[Sing.]

Out of the way we went, and then we found
What 'twas to tread upon forbidden ground;
And let them that come after have a care
Lest they, for trespassing, his prisoners are
Whose castle's Doubting, and whose name's Despair.

[CURTAIN]

SCENE VI

[CHRISTIAN and HOPEFUL in the River.]

CHRISTIAN

[*Beginning to sink.*] I sink in deep waters: billows go over my head.

HOPEFUL

Be of good cheer, my brother; I feel the bottom, and it is good.

CHRISTIAN

Ah! my friend, the sorrow of death hath compassed me about, I shall not see the land that flows with milk and honey.

HOPEFUL

[*Strives to keep CHRISTIAN's head above water.*] Brother, I see the Gate of the Celestial City and men standing by to receive us.

CHRISTIAN

You have been Hopeful ever since I knew you.

HOPEFUL

Ah, brother, be of good cheer! [*They both take courage and get safely over the river and up onto the bank.*]

[*Two shining MESSENGERS on the river bank salute them.*]

FIRST MESSENGER

We are ministering spirits sent forth to minister to you. You are going now to Paradise, to Mount Zion, the heavenly Jerusalem; and when you come there you shall have white robes given you, and your walk and talk shall be every day with the King, even all the days of Eternity.

SECOND MESSENGER

The King commandeth to open the Gate!

[The Gate opens.]

FIRST MESSENGER

Enter ye into the Joy of our Lord.

[The Pilgrims enter the Gate.]

SECOND MESSENGER

Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the Tree of Life, and may enter in through the Gate into the City.

[Sound of trumpets.]

[CURTAIN]

THE END OF PART I

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

PART II

Go now, my little Book, to every place,
Where my first Pilgrim has but shewn his Face:
Call at their door: If any say, Who's there?
Then answer thou, Christiana is here.
If they bid thee Come in, then enter thou,
With all thy boys.

My Pilgrim's Book has travell'd Sea and Land,
Yet could I never come to understand
That it was slighted or turn'd out of door
By any Kingdom, were they Rich or Poor.
In France and Flanders, where men kill each other,
My Pilgrim is esteemed a Friend, a Brother.
In Holland too, 'tis said, as I am told,
My Pilgrim is with some worth more than Gold.
Highlanders and Wild Irish can agree,
My Pilgrim should familiar with them be.
'Tis in New England under such advance,
Receives there so much loving countenance,
As to be trimm'd, new-cloathed, and deck'd with gems
That it may show its features and its limbs,
Yet more, so comely doth my Pilgrim walk,
That of him Thousands daily sing and talk.
If you draw nearer Home, it will appear,
My Pilgrim knows no ground of shame or fear;
City and Country will him entertain
With, Welcome, Pilgrim, yea, they can't refrain,
From smiling, if my Pilgrim be but by,
Or shews his head in any Company.

The very Children that do walk the street,
If they do but my Holy Pilgrim meet,
Salute him will, will wish him well, and say,
He is the only stripling of the day.

They that have never seen him, yet admire
What they have heard of him, and much desire
To have his Company, and hear him tell
These Pilgrim stories, which he knows so well.

Wherefore, my Second Part, thou need'st not be
Afraid to shew thy head; none can hurt thee,
That wish but well to him that went before,
'Cause thou com'st after with a second store,
Of things as good, as rich, as profitable,
For Young, for Old, for Stagg'ring and for Stable.

Go then, my little Book, and shew to all
That entertain, and bid thee Welcome shall,
What thou shalt keep close, shut up from the rest,
And wish what thou shalt shew them, may be blest
To them for good, may make them chuse to be
Pilgrims better by far, than thee or me.

Now may this little Book a blessing be
To those that love this little Book, and me:
And may its Buyer have no cause to say,
His money is but lost or thrown away;
Yea, may this Second Pilgrim yield that fruit
As may with each good Pilgrim's fancy suit;
And may it persuade some that go astray,
To turn their Foot and Heart in the right Way.

Is the Hearty Prayer of The Author,

JOHN BUNYAN.

CHARACTERS

CHRISTIANA

SECRET MESSENGER

CHRISTIANA'S BOYS:

MATTHEW

JAMES

JOSEPH

SAMUEL

MERCY, *young friend of Christiana's*

INTERPRETER

MAN WITH MUCK-RAKE

GREAT HEART

GRIM BLOODY MAN, *a Giant*

PORTER

SHEPHERD BOY

VALIANT-FOR-TRUTH

MADAM BUBBLE

HOBGOBLINS

CHILDREN

SCENE I. Interior of CHRISTIANA's home.

SCENE II. House of the INTERPRETER (near Slough of Despond)

SCENE III. The Hill of Difficulty

SCENE IV. The PORTER's Lodge.

SCENE V. The Enchanted Ground and The Land of Beulah

STAGE SETTINGS AND DIRECTIONS

Have entrance at the back and one at each side of stage.

Use two levels as in Part I, with brown hangings for background.

SCENE I. Interior of **CHRISTIANA'S** House. Use the upper level. Background of brown cloth hangings. Little furniture needed. A chair and a table in mission style will do.

SCENE II. Slough of Despond and House of the **INTERPRETER**. Use lower level for Slough of Despond. Brown burlap-covered screens at back of lower level and in center a door or entrance to the House of the Interpreter. One section of a screen can serve as a door. As the Pilgrims enter and ascend to upper level, have screens removed to show room in the **INTERPRETER'S** House. A crown suspended from the ceiling is directly over the head of the man with a muck-rake who stoops over, raking to himself sticks, straw and dust on the floor. There are two rough benches on which the Pilgrims sit.

SCENE III. The Hill of Difficulty. Use both levels. The Pilgrims enter at left and climb up the Hill (upper level). The Prince's Arbour is in the center at back of upper level. It is made of a bench with vines and flowers twined over background behind it. **GRIM BLOODY MAN** enters at right and he and **GREAT HEART** fight on lower level.

SCENE IV. Doorway of the Porter's Lodge. Morning. Set screens back a bit from the edge of the upper level. The door is at the left on the upper level. **CHRISTIANA** and **MERCY** sit in the doorway. When **GREAT HEART** comes he and the Pilgrims walk along the upper level and go off at the right of stage. The **SHEPHERD BOY** is on the lower level.

SCENE V. The Enchanted Ground and The Land of Beulah. The Enchanted Ground is the lower level. At first screens hide the upper level. As it grows dark let small hobgoblins and spooks appear. **MADAM BUBBLE** enters at right of stage. As it grows light the screens between the two levels are removed and the Land of Beulah appears on the upper level. The Pilgrims ascend to the upper level.

COSTUMES

CHRISTIANA is dressed in blue or dark grey with coarse white cap and kerchief.

SECRET MESSENGER wears a long, loose purple robe.

MERCY is dressed in light grey with coarse white cap and kerchief. She as well as **CHRISTIANA** later receives from the **INTERPRETER** a fresh cap and kerchief of fine linen, white and clean.

The boys are dressed as in Part I.

The **INTERPRETER** and the **PORTER** are dressed in Puritan garb. One wears dark blue and the other dark brown.

The **MAN** with the **MUCK-RAKE** is a bearded white-haired old man in a long, loose robe.

GREAT HEART has coat and knickerbockers of stout dark material. He has sword, helmet and shield made of steel grey cardboard. He wears brown gauntlets.

VALIANT-FOR-TRUTH is dressed much like **GREAT HEART**. He carries a "right Jerusalem blade."

The **SHEPHERD BOY** wears a wide-brimmed hat, a shepherd's cape and carries a shepherd's crook.

MADAM BUBBLE is dressed in a cape with a peaked hood. She is tall, has a swarthy complexion and wears a great purse at her side.

SCENE I

[It is early morning. CHRISTIANA sits alone. She seems to be in a dream. One knocks hard at the door.]

CHRISTIANA

If thou comest in God's name, come in.

[Enter SECRET MESSENGER at left of stage.]

SECRET MESSENGER

Amen. Peace on this house. Christiana, here is a letter for thee, which I have brought from thy husband's King. The Merciful One invites thee to come into his presence. There is Christian, thy husband that was, with legions more, and they will all be glad when thy feet step over thy Father's threshold. *[CHRISTIANA takes letter and bows her head to the ground.]*

CHRISTIANA

Sir, will you carry me and my children with you, that we may also go and worship the King?

SECRET MESSENGER

Christiana, the bitter is before the sweet. Thou must through troubles enter the Celestial City. I wish thee all good speed.

[Exit SECRET MESSENGER at left of stage.]

[Enter CHRISTIANA's four children, MATTHEW, JAMES, JOSEPH and SAMUEL, at right of stage.]

CHRISTIANA

Come, my children, let us pack up, and be gone to the Celestial Country, that we may see your father and be with him and his companions in peace, according to the laws of that land.

MATTHEW

We would go with thee. Not one of us would stay behind.

[A knock at the door.]

CHRISTIANA

If thou comest in God's name, come in.

[Enter MERCY, a young friend of CHRISTIANA's, at left.]

CHRISTIANA

I am preparing for a journey.

MERCY

For what journey, I pray you?

CHRISTIANA

Even to go after my husband. I was a-dreaming last night that I saw him. He dwelleth in the presence of the King, and sits with him at his table. The Prince of the palace has also sent for me. His messenger was here even now, and brought me a letter, which invites me to come. [*Plucks out letter and shows it to MERCY.*] What now will you say to this?

MERCY

[Reads and says to herself.] I will yet have more talk with this Christiana; and if I find truth and life in what she shall say, myself shall also go with her. *[To CHRISTIANA.]* Since you are a-taking your last farewell of this country, I think to walk this sunshiny morning a little with you to help you on your way.

CHRISTIANA

Mercy, I take this as an unexpected favor, that thou shouldst set foot out of doors with me, to accompany me a little in my way. I pray thee, Mercy, cast in thy lot with me. We will have all things in common betwixt thee and me: only go along with me.

MERCY

Then will I go thither and will take what shall follow. The Lord grant that the King of Heaven shall have his heart upon me also.

Let the Most Blessed by my guide,
If't be his blessed will,
Unto his gate, into his fold,
Up to his holy hill.

[CURTAIN]

SCENE II

[The Slough of Despond and the House of the Interpreter.]

[Pilgrims enter at left at stage. See directions.]

CHRISTIANA

This is the Slough of Despond, a place where my dear husband had like to have been smothered with mud.

[They hesitate to cross.]

MERCY

Come, let us venture; only let us be wary.

CHRISTIANA

Good friend, we shall all have enough evil before we come to our journey's end. The bitter is before the sweet.

[They pick their way carefully and so get safely over.]

CHRISTIANA

The day is now far spent. I am loth that we should go any further this night. Let us inquire if this house before us is a privileged place for pilgrims.

[CHRISTIANA knocks at door. The INTERPRETER opens it.]

CHRISTIANA

My name is Christiana. I was the wife of a pilgrim that once did travel this way; and these be his four children. This maiden is also my companion, and is going on pilgrimage, too.

INTERPRETER

Come in, thou daughter of Abraham. Come, children, come in: come, maiden, come. *[He strokes the faces of the children affectionately.]* I will show and interpret to you the things that were so profitable to Christian.

[As they enter the room they notice a man bent down with his eyes upon the ground and a muck-rake in his hand; though over his head hangs a beautiful golden crown intended for him.]

CHRISTIANA

I persuade myself that I know somewhat the meaning of this. This is the figure of a man of this world; is it not, good sir?

INTERPRETER

Thou hast said right. His muck-rake doth show his carnal mind. And, whereas thou seest him rather give heed to rake up the dust of the floor than to take the crown above, it is to let thee know that earthly things may quite carry men's hearts away.

CHRISTIANA

O! deliver me from this muck-rake.

INTERPRETER

Straws and sticks and dust with most people are the things now looked after.

MERCY

It is, alas! too true!

[Exit Man with Muck-rake.]

CHRISTIANA

I desire that you either show or tell us some other things that are profitable.

[They sit down as the INTERPRETER proceeds.]

INTERPRETER

One leak will sink a ship; and one sin will destroy a sinner.

He that lives in sin, and looks for happiness hereafter, is like him that soweth cockle, and thinks to fill his barn with wheat and barley.

If a man would live well, let him fetch his last day to him, and make it always his company keeper.

[*Addressing* CHRISTIANA.] Christiana, what moved you to betake yourself to a pilgrim's life?

CHRISTIANA

I had a dream of my husband, and then a letter was sent me by the King of that country where my husband dwells, to come to him.

INTERPRETER

Thy beginning is good, thy latter end shall greatly increase.

INTERPRETER

[*Addressing* MERCY.] And what moved thee to come hither, sweet heart?

MERCY

[*Blushing.*] Why, when our friend here was packing up to be gone from our town, I went, accidentally, to see her. She said she was sent for to go to her husband; and she up and told how she had seen him in a dream, dwelling in a curious place, among immortals, wearing a crown, playing upon a harp, eating and drinking at his Prince's table. While she was telling these things my heart burned within me, and I said, "If this be true, I will leave the land of my nativity and will go along with Christiana.

And I am come with all my heart, and will, if I may, go with Christiana to her husband, and his King."

INTERPRETER

Thy setting out is good. Thou art a Ruth who did leave father and mother to come out and go with Naomi. I would have you all tarry here until my man-servant Great Heart is ready to conduct you on your way, for you must orderly go from hence. And now I will put my seal upon you that you may be known in the places whither you are to go. [*Takes seal and sets mark between their eyes and gives them fair white garments which they put on.*]

CHRISTIANA

[*To MERCY.*] You are fairer than I.

MERCY

[*Admiring CHRISTIANA.*] You are more comely than I am.

[*Enter GREAT HEART with sword and helmet and shield.*]

INTERPRETER

These are my daughters, Great Heart. Conduct them to the house called Beautiful at which place they will rest.

GREAT HEART

With all my heart.

[*Exit GREAT HEART, followed by women and children.*]

INTERPRETER

God speed you on your way. [*Gives a parcel to CHRISTIANA as she goes out.*]

[CURTAIN]

SCENE III

[*The Hill of Difficulty. The Prince's Arbour.*]

GREAT HEART

We are now come to the hill called Difficulty which all pilgrims must ascend.

CHRISTIANA

[*Panting.*] I dare say this is a breathing hill.

MERCY

I must sit down.

[*Children begin to lag and sigh.*]

GREAT HEART

[*To smallest boy, JAMES.*] Come, come, above is the Prince's Arbour. [*Takes boy by the hand and leads him to it.*]

[*All enter the arbour and sit down.*]

MERCY

How sweet is rest to them that labor. And how good is the Prince of Pilgrims to provide such resting places for them!

GREAT HEART

Come, my pretty boys, how do you do? What think you now of going on pilgrimage?

JAMES

Sir, I was almost beat out of heart; but I thank you for lending me a hand at my need. And I remember now what my mother hath told me, namely, that the way to heaven is as a ladder, and the way to hell is as down a hill. But I had rather go up the ladder to life, than down the hill to death.

GREAT HEART

'Tis a good boy.

CHRISTIANA

Come, will you eat a bit to sweeten your mouths, while you sit here to rest your legs? For I have here a piece of pomegranate which Mr. Interpreter put into my hand just when I came out of his doors; he gave me also a piece of an honeycomb, and a little bottle of spirits.

[All eat and drink.]

GREAT HEART

The day wears away: if you think good, let us prepare to be going.

[They start off to right of stage, the boys going before. They hear a sound of lions roaring off stage at right. The little boys step back and go behind the others.]

GREAT HEART

[*Smiling.*] How now, my boys; do you love to go before when no danger doth approach, and love to come behind so soon as the lions appear? [*Draws his sword to defend the Pilgrims.*]

[*Enter GRIM BLOODY MAN, a giant, at right on lower level.*]

GRIM

What is the cause of your coming thither?

GREAT HEART

These women and children are going on pilgrimage; and this is the way they must go, and go it they shall, in spite of thee and the lions.

GRIM

This is not their way, neither shall they go therein. I am come forth to withstand them.

[*GREAT HEART approaches GRIM and lays so heavily upon him with his sword that GRIM retreats.*]

GRIM

Will you slay me upon mine own ground?

GREAT HEART

It is the King's highway that we are in, and in this way it is that thou hast placed the lions; but these women and these children, though weak, shall hold on their way in spite of the lions. [*Gives GRIM a downright blow, bringing him to his knees, and breaking his helmet. With another blow cuts off an arm. GIANT sprawls upon the ground and roars hideously until he dies.*]

GREAT HEART

Come now, and follow me, and no hurt shall happen to you from the lions. [*The women and children pass by trembling but unhurt.*] Now we are within sight of the porter's lodge, where you must rest, for it is dangerous travelling in the night.

CHRISTIANA

Will you not go in there and stay till morning?

GREAT HEART

No. I will return to my Lord to-night.

CHRISTIANA

Oh, Sir, I know not how to be willing you should leave us in our pilgrimage; you have been so faithful and so loving to us; you have fought so stoutly for us, that I shall never forget your favour towards us.

JAMES

Pray, sir, be persuaded to go with us, and help us, because we are weak, and the way so dangerous as it is.

GREAT HEART

I am at my Lord's commandment; if he shall allot me to be your guide again, I will willingly wait upon you. However, at present I must withdraw; and so good Christiana, Mercy, and my brave children, adieu.

[**GREAT HEART** goes out at left and the **PILGRIMS** *at right of stage.*]

[CURTAIN]

SCENE IV

[*Doorway of the Porter's Lodge. Morning.*]

[**MERCY** and **CHRISTIANA** *sit talking together. Sound of music.*]

MERCY

Hark, don't you hear a noise?

CHRISTIANA

Yes, 'tis, as I believe, the noise of music, for joy that we are here.

MERCY

Wonderful! Music in the house, music in the heart, and music also in heaven, for joy that we are here!

CHRISTIANA

What was the matter that you did laugh in your sleep last night? I suppose it was a dream?

MERCY

I was a-dreaming that I sat all alone in a solitary place. Methought I looked up, and saw one coming with wings towards

me. So he came directly to me and said: "Peace be to thee." And he clad me in silver and gold. He put a chain upon my neck and earrings in mine ears, and a beautiful crown upon my head. Then he took me by the hand, and said: "Mercy, come after me." So I followed till we came at a golden gate. Then he knocked, and, when they within had opened, the man went in, and I followed him up to a throne, upon which one sat, and he said to me, "Welcome daughter." The place looked bright and twinkling, like the stars, or rather like the sun, and I thought I saw your husband there. So I awoke from my dream. But did I laugh?

CHRISTIANA

Laugh, aye, and well you might to see yourself so well. It was a good dream.

MERCY

Well, I am glad of my dream, for I hope, ere long, to see it fulfilled, even to the making me laugh again.

CHRISTIANA

I think it is now high time to rise up and to know what we must do. [*Enter GREAT HEART at left.*] Lo, there is Great Heart!

GREAT HEART

Good Christiana and Mercy, my Lord hath sent each of you a bottle of wine and some parched corn, together with a couple of pomegranates; he also sent the boys some figs and raisins; to refresh you in your way.

[*Enter from within the door of the house, the PORTER with the boys.*]

CHRISTIANA

[*To PORTER.*] Sir, I am much obliged to you for all the kindnesses that you have showed to me since I came thither; and also that you have been so loving and kind to my children. Pray accept of this small mite. [*Puts gold angel in his hand.*]

PORTER

[*Bowing low.*] Let thy garments be always white, and let thy head want no ointment. [*To MERCY.*] Let Mercy live and not die, and let not her works be few. [*To the boys.*] Do you follow after godliness with them that are grave and wise; so shall you put gladness into your mother's heart.

MATTHEW

Mother, as long as Mr. Great Heart is to go with us, and to be our conductor, we need fear nothing.

[*They proceed on their journey.*]

GREAT HEART

This valley before us is called the Valley of Humiliation, but there is indeed nothing here to hurt us. This is the best and most fruitful piece of ground in all these parts. Behold how green the valley is; also how beautiful with lilies. Do you see yonder boy, feeding his father's sheep? He is in very mean clothes, but has a fresh and well-favoured countenance. He sings as he sits by himself. Hark—to what the shepherd boy saith:

SHEPHERD BOY

[Sings.]

He that is down, needs fear no fall;
He that is low, no pride:
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide.
I am content with what I have,
Little be it or much:
And, Lord, contentment still I crave,
Because thou savest such.
Fulness to such a burden is
That go in pilgrimage:
Here little, and hereafter bliss,
Is best from age to age.

GREAT HEART

Do you hear him? I will dare to say, this boy lives a merrier life, and wears more of the herb called heart's-ease in his bosom, than he that is clad in silk and velvet.

MERCY

This place, methinks, suits with my spirit. I love to be in such places where there is no rattling with coaches nor rumbling with wheels. Here one may think and break at heart and melt in one's spirit.

GREAT HEART

It is true. Some pilgrims have wished that the next way to their Father's house were here, that they might be troubled

no more with either hills or mountains to go over, but the way is the way, and there is an end.

[CURTAIN]

SCENE V

[*The Enchanted Ground.*]

[VALIANT standing with his sword drawn and his face all bloody. Enter GREAT HEART, accompanied by the Pilgrims, at left.]

GREAT HEART

What art thou?

VALIANT

I am one whose name is Valiant-for-Truth. Now, as I was in my way, there were three men that did beset me. So we fell to it, one against three, for the space of three hours. They have left upon me, as you see, some of the marks of their valour, and they have also carried away with them some of mine. And so they betook themselves to flight.

GREAT HEART

But here was great odds, three against one.

VALIANT

'Tis true; but little or more are nothing to him that hath the truth on his side.

GREAT HEART

Thou hast worthily behaved thyself; let me see thy sword.
Ha! it is a right Jerusalem blade.

VALIANT

It is so. Let a man have one of these blades, with a hand to wield it, and skill to use it, and he may venture upon an angel with it. Its edge will never blunt. It will cut flesh and bones, and soul and spirit and all. [*Sings.*]

Who would true valour see,
Let him come hither;
One here will constant be,
Come wind, come weather;
There's no discouragement
Shall make him once relent
His first avow'd intent
To be a pilgrim.

Whoso beset him round
With dismal stories,
Do but themselves confound,
His strength the more is,
No lion can him fright,
He'll with a giant fight,
But he will have a right
To be a pilgrim.

Hobgoblin nor foul fiend
Can daunt his spirit;
He knows, he at the end
Shall life inherit.
Then fancies fly away,
He'll not fear what men say,
He'll labour night and day
To be a pilgrim.

[The women and children suddenly begin to grow drowsy.]

GREAT HEART

Look you—how the women and children grow drowsy. We are, as you see, upon the Enchanted Ground where the hobgoblins are, where the light is darkness, where the way is full of snares, pits, traps and gins.

[Mist and darkness fall upon them.]

GREAT HEART

I will go before, for that I am the guide and do you, Mr. Valiant-for-Truth, come behind as rear-guard; for fear lest peradventure some fiend, or dragon, or giant should fall upon us and so do mischief.

[Complete darkness.]

JOSEPH

I am down.

SAMUEL

Ho! where are you?

JAMES

The bushes have got such fast hold on me, I think I cannot get away from them.

CHRISTIANA

I pray you, Great Heart, to strike a light that we may go the rest of the way by the help of the light of a lantern.

[GREAT HEART *makes a faint light. Enter at right MADAM BUBBLE, a witch, being a tall dame with something of a swarthy complexion. She wears a great purse by her side and is continually fingering the money in it, smiling and smirking the while.*]

GREAT HEART

You are a witch and it is by virtue of your sorceries that this ground is enchanted. Yea, you are she that hath bought off many a man from a pilgrim's life. You are a great gossip, and a bold and impudent slut who will talk with anyone. You speak well of him who is cunning to get money in any place but you laugh poor pilgrims to scorn. You promise crowns and kingdoms if any will but take your advice. Yet many have you brought to the halter, and ten thousand times more to hell.

[*As GREAT HEART becomes more and more vehement, she cringes and finally slinks away.*]

VALIANT

Oh, what a mercy it is that thou didst resist her! For whither might she have drawn us?

GREAT HEART

This Enchanted Ground is the last refuge that the enemy to pilgrims has; wherefore it is placed almost at the gates of the Celestial City. Now we are even at our journey's end. We have reached the Land of Beulah. [*See directions.*] Wherefore let the pilgrims look well to themselves and go forward.

[Light as of the sun—for they are now in the Land of Beulah. Bells ring, trumpets sound.]

VOICES

More pilgrims are come to town! More pilgrims are come to town!

[Children enter bringing flowers which they present to the Pilgrims.]

SECRET MESSENGER

[Enters and presents himself to CHRISTIANA.] Hail, good woman! I bring thee tidings, that the Master calleth for thee, and expecteth that thou shouldst stand in his presence in clothes of immortality.

CHRISTIANA

The travel hitherto has been with difficulty: but that will make my rest the sweeter. When my soul fainted within me, then I thought of the joy that is now set before me, for I shall see the King in his glory and be with Christian, my husband, and his companions in Peace.

Blest be the Day that I began
A Pilgrim for to be;
And blessed also be that man
That thereto mov-ed me.

'Tis true, 'twas long ere I began
To seek to live forever,
But now I run fast as I can;
'Tis better late than never.

Our Tears to Joy, our Fears to Faith,
Are turn-ed as we see;
Thus our Beginning (as one saith)
Shews what our End will be.

Watch and be ready; for at an hour when you think not, the messenger may come for you.

[So she departs with the MESSENGER, beckoning farewell to the others.]

[A closing Tableau may be given to show CHRISTIANA'S meeting with CHRISTIAN in the Celestial City. There CHRISTIAN should wear shining garments, a crown on his head and in his hand a harp.]

THE END

THREE SUNDAYS IN A WEEK



THREE SUNDAYS IN A WEEK

This adaptation of Poe's story has a scientific element that pleases boys. It has been given by a Boys' Literary Club at the Poe Cottage in Fordham as a part of their celebration of Edgar Allan Poe's birthday.

No special costumes are absolutely necessary, but it may add interest to present the play in costumes of the first half of the nineteenth century. Then let Nephew Robert wear a tight-fitting double-breasted coat with long swallow tails. He should have a black satin stock made of black ribbon tied around a high white collar, with bow in front. His trousers are close fitting, fastened under the boots with a strap. Uncle Rumgudgeon wears an old morning coat of chintz in the first scene. In the second he wears his Sunday black coat of design similar to Robert's but less well fitting. His trousers are looser. His hair is white. He wears spectacles. He has a black satin stock.

Captain Pratt and Captain Smitherton have rather loose trousers of nankeen fastened under their boots with a strap. They wear double-breasted rather long full-skirted overcoats—blue or grey, and have black satin stocks. They have high black hats with small brims. The Captains wear side whiskers and short, trimmed beards under the chin.

Kate's hair is combed in high loops on top of her head with a bunch of curls at the sides and a high comb poised at the back. Her bodice has a pointed front and low neck with a fichu of fine embroidery about the shoulders. The sleeves are large at the top, growing smaller towards the wrists. Her skirt is very full over stiff petticoats and is trimmed with one or two flounces.

CHARACTERS

UNCLE RUMGUDGEON

NEPHEW ROBERT

CAPTAIN PRATT

CAPTAIN SMITHERTON

KATE, *Rumgudgeon's daughter*

PLACE: RUMGUDGEON's home in London.

THREE SUNDAYS IN A WEEK

SCENE I

NEPHEW ROBERT

You hard-hearted, dunderheaded, obstinate, rusty, crusty, musty, fusty old savage! [*To* UNCLE RUMGUDGEON, shaking fist at him].

RUMGUDGEON

[*Sitting with his feet upon the mantelpiece—a bumper of port in his hand, trying to sing:*]

Remplis ton verre vide!

Vide ton verre plein!

NEPHEW ROBERT

My dear uncle. [*Approaching with blandest of smiles.*] You are always so very kind and considerate, and have evinced your benevolence in so many, so very many ways, that—that I feel I have only to suggest this little point to you once more to make sure of your full acquiescence.

RUMGUDGEON

Hem! good boy! go on!

NEPHEW ROBERT

I am sure, my dearest uncle (you confounded old rascal!) that you have no design really, seriously, to oppose my union with Kate. This is merely a joke of yours; I know—ha! ha! ha! how very pleasant you are at times.

RUMGUDGEON

Ha! ha! ha! curse you! yes!

NEPHEW ROBERT

To be sure—of course! I knew you were jesting. Now, uncle, all that Kate and myself wish at present, is that you would oblige us with your advice as—as regards the time—you know, uncle—in short, when will it be most convenient for yourself that the wedding shall—shall—come off, you know?

RUMGUDGEON

Come off, you scoundrell! what do you mean by that? Better wait till it goes on.

NEPHEW ROBERT

Ha! ha! ha!—he! he! he!—hi! hi! hi!—ho! ho! ho!—hu! hu! hu!—oh, that's good! oh, that's capital! such a wit! But all we want just now, you know, uncle, is that you would indicate the time precisely.

RUMGUDGEON

Ah! precisely?

NEPHEW ROBERT

Yes, uncle—that is, if it would be quite agreeable to yourself.

RUMGUDGEON

Wouldn't it answer, Bobby, if I were to leave it at random; some time within a year or so, for example? Must I say precisely?

NEPHEW ROBERT

If you please, uncle, precisely.

RUMGUDGEON

Well, then, Bobby, my boy, you're a fine fellow, aren't you? since you will have the exact time I'll—why, I'll oblige you for once.

NEPHEW ROBERT

Dear uncle!

RUMGUDGEON

Hush, sir! [*drowning NEPHEW's voice.*] I'll oblige you for once. You shall have my consent; and the plum, we mustn't forget the plum—let me see! when shall it be? Today's Sunday, isn't it? Well, then, you shall be married precisely—precisely, now mind—when three Sundays come together in a week! Do you hear me, sir? What are you gaping at? I say, you shall have Kate and her plum when three Sundays come together in a week, but not till then, you young scapegrace, not till then, if I die for it. You know me. I'm a man of my word

[CURTAIN]

—now be off! [*Here he swallows his bumper of port while NEPHEW rushes from room in despair.*]

SCENE II

[RUMGUDGEON's home as in Scene I.]

CAPTAIN PRATT

Well, I have been absent just one year. Just one year to-day, as I live; let me see! Yes! this is October the tenth. You remember, Mr. Rumgudgeon, I called this day year, to bid you good-bye. And by the way, it does seem something like a coincidence, does it not, that our friend Captain Smitherton, here, has been absent exactly a year also, a year today?

CAPTAIN SMITHERTON

Yes! just one year to a fraction. You will remember, Mr. Rumgudgeon, that I called with Captain Pratt on this very day, last year, to pay my parting respects.

RUMGUDGEON

Yes, yes, yes, I remember it very well; very queer indeed! Both of you gone just one year. A very strange coincidence, indeed! Just what Doctor Dubble L. Dee would denominate an extraordinary concurrence of events. Doctor Dub——

KATE

[*Interrupting.*] To be sure, papa, it is something strange; but then, Captain Pratt and Captain Smitherton didn't go altogether the same route, and that makes a difference, you know.

RUMGUDGEON

I don't know any such thing, you huzzy! How should I? I think it only makes the matter more remarkable. Doctor Dubble L. Dee——

KATE

Why, papa, Captain Pratt went round Cape Horn, and Captain Smitherton doubled the Cape of Good Hope.

RUMGUDGEON

Precisely! the one went east and the other west, you jade, and they have both gone quite around the world. By the bye, Doctor Dubble L. Dee——

NEPHEW ROBERT

[*Hurriedly.*] Captain Pratt, you must come and spend the evening with us tomorrow, you and Smitherton; you can tell us all about your voyage and we'll have a game of whist and——

CAPTAIN PRATT

Whist, my dear fellow! you forget. Tomorrow will be Sunday. Some other evening——

KATE

Oh, no, fie! Robert's not quite so bad as that. Today's Sunday.

RUMGUDGEON

To be sure, to be sure!

NEPHEW ROBERT

I beg both your pardons; but I can't be so much mistaken. I know tomorrow's Sunday, because——

CAPTAIN SMITHERTON

[*Much surprised.*] What are you all thinking about? Wasn't yesterday Sunday, I should like to know?

ALL

Yesterday, indeed! You *are* out.

RUMGUDGEON

Today's Sunday, I say: don't I know?

CAPTAIN PRATT

Oh, no! tomorrow's Sunday.

CAPTAIN SMITHERTON

You are all mad, every one of you. I am as positive that yesterday was Sunday as I am that I sit upon this chair.

KATE

[*Jumping up eagerly.*] I see it, I see it all! Papa, this is a judgment upon you—about—about you know what. Let me alone, and I'll explain it all in a minute. It's a very simple thing, indeed. Captain Smitherton says that yesterday was Sunday: so it was; he is right. Cousin Bobby and you and I, say that today is Sunday; so it is; we are right. Captain Pratt maintains that tomorrow will be Sunday: so it will; he is right,

too. The fact is, we are all right, and thus three Sundays have come together in a week.

CAPTAIN SMITHERTON

[*After a pause.*] By the bye, Pratt, Kate has us completely. What fools we two are! Mr. Rumgudgeon, the matter stands thus: the earth, you know, is 24 thousand miles in circumference. Now this globe of the earth turns upon its own axis, revolves, spins round these 24 thousand miles of extent, going from west to east, in precisely 24 hours. Do you understand, Mr. Rumgudgeon?

RUMGUDGEON

To be sure, to be sure: Doctor Dub——

CAPTAIN SMITHERTON

[*Drowning Rumgudgeon's voice.*] Well, sir, that is at the rate of one thousand miles per hour. Now, suppose that I sail from this position a thousand miles east. Of course I anticipate the rising of the sun here at London by just one hour. I see the sun rise one hour before you do. Proceeding, in the same direction, yet another thousand miles, I anticipate the rising by two hours; another thousand by three hours, and so on, until I go entirely round the globe, and back to this spot, when having gone 24 thousand miles east, I anticipate the rising of the London sun by no less than 24 hours; that is to say, I am a day in advance of your time. Understand, eh?

RUMGUDGEON

But Dubble L. Dee——

CAPTAIN SMITHERTON

[Speaking very loud]

Captain Pratt, on the contrary, when he had sailed a thousand miles west of this position, was an hour, and when he had sailed 24 thousand miles west was 24 hours, or one day, behind the time at London. Thus, with me, yesterday was Sunday; thus, with you, today is Sunday and thus, with Pratt, tomorrow will be Sunday. And what is more, Mr. Rumgudgeon, it is positively clear that we are all right.

RUMGUDEON

My eyes! well, KATE! well, BOBBY! this is a judgment upon me, as you say. But I am a man of my word; mark that! You shall have her, boy, plum and all, when you please. Done up, by Jove! Three Sundays all in a row! I'll go and take Dubble L. Dee's opinion upon that.

THE END

ON THE OLD PLANTATION

ON THE OLD PLANTATION

UNCLE SNAKE-BIT-BOB'S SUNDAY SCHOOL

This dramatization may suit the purpose of boys who like to "black up" for a negro sketch. Louise-Clarke Pyrnelle's book, *Diddie, Dumps and Tot*, from which the piece is adapted, presents a sympathetic picture of plantation life long ago. This fragment may give a taste for the whole story which has interested more than one generation of children in the North as well as in the South.

Uncle Snake-Bit-Bob's religious fervor is typical of the old negro. If anyone is likely to be offended by his familiarity with the "Lord," let it be explained that the good old man is serious about it all and tries to fulfill a solemn duty in giving the negro boys religious instruction. Any preacher might envy his ability to point a moral, as a story-teller might envy his graphic narration of what happened to Brer Dan'l.

No apology or explanation is needed for the game of Monkey Motions.

CHARACTERS

UNCLE SNAKE-BIT-BOB, *an old Negro*
SIX NEGRO BOYS

GUS
JIM
SAMBO
POMP
JOE
JAKE

SCENE: A cotton gin-house, Sunday evening.

STAGE SETTING

The interior of the gin-house has been carefully swept out.
Rough benches and stools are arranged for boys to sit on.

COSTUMES

UNCLE BOB has a wooden peg leg because he was once bitten by a rattlesnake and the limb had to be amputated at the knee. He wears a big coat of decent black and a large straw hat which he removes when he enters room. The Negro Boys wear shirts and ill-fitting made-over trousers.



ON THE OLD PLANTATION

[Six Negro Boys assembled in the gin-house on a Sunday evening, waiting for UNCLE SNAKE-BIT-BOB to appear, and amusing themselves. They sit on stools in a circle for the game of Monkey Motions. One boy performs in the center while the others clap their hands and keep time with their feet.]

I ac' monkey moshuns, too-re-loo;
I ac' monkey moshuns, so I do;
I ac' 'em well, an' dat's er fac'—
I ac' jes' like dem monkeys ac'.

I ac' gemmun moshuns, too-re-loo;
I ac' gemmun moshuns, so I do;

NEW PLAYS FROM OLD TALES

I ac' 'em well, an' dat's er fac'—
I ac' jes' like dem gemmuns ac'.

I ac' lady moshuns, too-re-loo;
I ac' lady moshuns, so I do;
I ac' 'em well, an' dat's er fac'—
I ac' jes' like dem ladies ac'.

I ac' chil'en moshuns, too-re-loo;
I ac' chil'en moshuns, so I do;
I ac' 'em well, an' dat's er fac'—
I ac' jes' like dem chil'ens ac'.

I ac' nigger moshuns, too-re-loo;
I ac' nigger moshuns, so I do;
I ac' 'em well, an' dat's er fac'—
I ac' jes' like dem niggers ac'.

I ac' preacher moshuns, too-re-loo;
I ac' preacher moshuns, so I do;
I ac' 'em well, an' dat's er fac'—
I ac' jes' like dem preachers ac'.

[For "monkey moshuns" the one in the middle would screw up his face and hump his shoulders in the most grotesque manner, to represent a monkey. For "gemmun moshuns" he would stick his hat on one side of his head, take a cane in his hand, and strut back and forth, to represent a gentleman. In the "lady moshuns" he takes little mincing steps, and tosses his head from side to side, pretending to fan with his hand. "Chil'en moshuns" are portrayed by pouting out his lips and crying, rubbing his eyes. "Nigger

moshuns" are represented by scratching his head, then bending over to pick cotton or to hoe. For "preacher moshuns" he straightens himself back and swings his arms in extravagant gestures.]

[Enter UNCLE SNAKE-BIT-BOB.]

UNCLE SNAKE-BIT-BOB

Now, chil'en, you all sot down an' 'have yerse'fs. Chil'en, I come hyear dis ebenin fur ter raise yer like yer ought ter be riz, an' now, chil'en, I gwine splain de Scripchurs ter yer. I gwine tell yer 'bout'n Dan'l in de lions' den. Dan'l wuz er good man wat lived in de Bible; and whedder he wuz er white man or whedder he wuz er brack man, I dunno; I ain't nuber hyeard nobody say. But dat's neder hyear nor dar; he wuz er good man, and he pray tree times eby day. At de fus peepin' uv de day, Brer Dan'l he usen fur ter hop outn his bed and git down on his knees. And wen de horn blowed fur dinner Brer Dan'l he flop right back on 'is knees. And wen de sun set, den dar he wuz agin er prayin' and er strivin' wid de Lord. Well, de king uv dat kentry, he 'low he nuber want no prayin' 'bout 'im; he sez, sezee, "I want de thing fur ter stop"; but Brer Dan'l, he nuber studi'd 'im; he jes' prayed right on, tell by'mby de king he 'low dat de nex' man wat he cotch prayin' he wuz gwine cas'm in de lions' den. Well, nex' mornin', soon's Brer Dan'l riz fum 'is bed, he lit right on 'is knees, an' went ter prayin', and dey come in, an' dey tied 'im han' an' foot wid er rope, an' tuck 'im right erlong tell dey come ter de lions' den; an' wen dey wuz yit er fur ways fum dar dey hyeard de lions er ro'in an' er sayin', "Ar-ooooorrr! aroooooorrr," an' all dey hearts 'gun ter quake sept'n Brer Dan'l's. He jes' pray 'long. By'mby

dey git ter de den, an' dey tie er long rope roun' Brer Dan'l, an' tho 'im right in! an' den dey drawed up de rope, an' went back whar dey come fum. Well, nex' mornin' hyear dey come agin, an' de king he come wid 'em; an' dey hyeard de lions er ro'in "Ar-ooooorrrar! aroooooorrrar!" an' dey come ter de den, an' dey open de do', an' dar wuz de lions wid dey mouf open an' dey wuz jes' er trompin' backerds an' forerds; an' dar in de corner sot an angel an' right in de middle uv de den was Dan'l. Gemmun, he wuzn totch! he nuber so much as had de smell uv de lions bout'n 'im! he wuz jes' as whole, gemmun, as he wuz de day he wuz born! Eben de boots on 'im, sar, wuz ez shiny ez dey wuz wen dey put 'im in dar. An' he jes' clum up de side uv de den, he did; an' soon's uber his feet tech de yeath, he sez ter de king, sezee, "De Lord ain't gwine let de lions meddle long o' me," sezee. "I ain't fyeard o' nufn," sezee. "De Lord is my strengt an' my rocks, an' I ain't er fyeard o' NO man." An' wid dat he 'gun ter sing dis hymn:

Dan'l wuz er prayin' man;
 He pray tree times er day;
 De Lord he hist de winder,
 Fur ter hyear po' Dan'l pray.

An' now, chil'en, efn yer be like Brer Dan'l, an' say yer prars, yer needn be er fyeard uv no lions; de Lord, he'll take cyar uv yer, an' he'll be mighty proud ter do it.

Now yer jes' pay tenshun ter de strucshun I gwine give yer—dat's all I ax uv yer—an' me an' de Lord we gwine do de res'. [*He begins with GUS, a bright-eyed negro boy.*] Who made you?

Gus

I dunno, sar.

UNCLE SNAKE-BIT-BOB

God made yer. Now—who made yer?

GUS

God.

UNCLE SNAKE-BIT-BOB

Dat's right. [*Turns to JIM, the next in order.*] What'd he make yer outn?

JIM

I dunno, sar.

UNCLE SNAKE-BIT-BOB

He made yer outn dut. Now what'd he make yer outn?

JIM

Dut.

UNCLE SNAKE-BIT-BOB

Sambo, what'd he make yer fur?

SAMBO

I dunno, sar.

UNCLE SNAKE-BIT-BOB

[*Scratching his head and pausing a moment.*] Fur ter do de bes' yer kin. Now, what'd he make yer fur?

SAMBO

Fur ter do de bes' I kin.

UNCLE SNAKE-BIT-BOB

[To next boy in order.] Who wuz de fus man?

POMP

I dunno, sar.

UNCLE SNAKE-BIT-BOB

Marse Adum. Now, who wuz de fus man?

POMP

Marse Adum.

UNCLE SNAKE-BIT-BOB

Who built de ark?

JOE

I dunno, sar.

UNCLE SNAKE-BIT-BOB

Marse Noah, he built de ark. Now, who built de ark?

JOE

Marse Noah.

UNCLE SNAKE-BIT-BOB

Dat's right. Who wuz de oldes' man?

JAKE

I dunno, sar.

UNCLE SNAKE-BIT-BOB

Marse Thuselum wuz de oldes' man. Now, who wuz de oldes' man?

JAKE

Marse Thuselum.

UNCLE SNAKE-BIT-BOB

Now I gwine to ax yer all ef yer knows wat I tol' yer.
[*He begins at the top of the line once more. But while UNCLE BOB's back was turned, GUS, at the head of the line, had wearied of the Sunday School and had slipped out.*] Who made yer?

JIM

[*In GUS's place.*] Dut.

UNCLE SNAKE-BIT-BOB

Who?

JIM

Dut.

UNCLE SNAKE-BIT-BOB

Didn't I tell yer God made yer?

JIM

No, sar. Dat one wat God made done slip out de do'.

[*The Sunday School is in confusion.*]

UNCLE SNAKE-BIT-BOB

Chil'en, half uv yer niggers is er gwine to strucshun er cuttin' up ev'y kin' er dev'lment. I done do my bes' ter lan' yer in heb'n, so now we'll close dis meet'n by singin' uv "Roll, Jordan, Roll!" and den yer kin all go.

[They all join in singing the hymn.]

Roll, Jordan, roll! roll, Jordan, roll!
I want ter go ter heb'n wen I die,
Fur ter hyear sweet Jordan roll.

Oh, pray, my brudder, pray!
Yes, my Lord;
My brudder's settin' in de kingdom,
Fur ter hyear sweet Jordan roll.

CHORUS

Roll, Jordan, roll! roll, Jordan, roll!
I want ter go ter heb'n wen I die,
Fur ter hyear sweet Jordan roll.

Oh, shout, my sister, shout!
Yes, my Lord;
My sister she's er shoutin'
Caze she hyears sweet Jordan roll.

Oh, moan, you monahs, moan!
Yes, my Lord;
De monahs sobbin' an' er weepin'
Fur ter hyear sweet Jordan roll.

Oh, scoff, you scoffers, scoff!
Yes, my Lord;
Dem sinners wat's er scoffin'
Can't hyear sweet Jordan roll.

THE END

[Dramatized, by permission, from "Diddie, Dumps and Tot," by Louise-Clarke Pynelle, published by Harper and Brothers.]

FEATHERTOP

FEATHERTOP

Feathertop is Nathaniel Hawthorne's story of what might have happened in a New England village during the witchcraft delusion in the seventeenth century. There is opportunity for good acting when Mother Rigby, the witch, uses all her power and brings a scarecrow to life. Don't miss the mock seriousness of it all and the New England flavor in the humor of Mother Rigby.

One club of boys who gave Feathertop took time to saturate themselves with its spirit. They read it first as a Halloween story and, seeing a play in it, aspired to create the parts of the Scarecrow and Mother Rigby. One boy at once wanted to be Dickon and not even pretty Polly Gookin went begging—so resourceful are boys. Lilacs were blooming in New England dooryards when Feathertop finally strutted his brief hour across the stage. The play was given in May to close a season which the boys had devoted to early American authors.

CHARACTERS

MOTHER RIGBY, *the Witch*

DICKON

THE SCARECROW FEATHERTOP

JUSTICE GOOKIN

POLLY GOOKIN

FIVE VILLAGERS

SCENE I. Interior of MOTHER RIGBY's cottage. Morning.

SCENE II. Street before JUSTICE GOOKIN's house. Midday.

SCENE III. Interior of MOTHER RIGBY's cottage. Twilight.

STAGE SETTINGS AND DIRECTIONS

Have an entrance at the back and one at each side of the stage if possible.

A continual haze of smoke from Mother Rigby's pipe should make the cottage interior and the whole play seem as unsubstantial as a dream.

Cubeb tobacco may be used for the pipe.

SCENE I. Interior of MOTHER RIGBY's cottage. Use plain-colored hangings for the walls to look like wood. Denim or cambric is good material for background. A rough hearth can be made from boxes covered with cloth to look like stone. An old chair of Colonial design and a basket of straw are needed. A kettle, rag rug, and a spinning wheel may be added. A white wig with pigtail, a three-cornered hat and ancient plum-colored coat hang from pegs on the wall. The scarecrow stands in the corner.

SCENE II. Street and front of Gookin house. If nothing better offers itself, use cambric or paper muslin for background to represent the outside of the Gookin house. A door and window will have to be sketched on the cloth. But it is to be hoped that a real door with glass in it will be available.

SCENE III. Same as Scene I.

COSTUMES

MOTHER RIGBY wears a dark, coarse dress in Colonial fashion with old black shoulder shawl and cap or hood. She has a pipe and staff.

The **SCARECROW** is really a boy who stands stiffly in the corner at first. He wears a mask—a stout wire mesh mask fastened securely is best. It can be bought at a costumer's. His head is also covered by a yellow cloth representing a pumpkin with eyes, nose and grinning mouth. He has on his scarlet breeches, and a shirt hangs loosely from his shoulders. Later on, **MOTHER RIGBY** deftly removes the cloth pumpkin, as she places the wig and three-cornered hat on the **SCARECROW**, giving the effect of transforming the pumpkin head into the face of a conventional man of the world [*thanks to the mask.*] The addition of the plum-colored coat with bright five-pointed star on the breast and lace frills at neck and wrists completes the get-up of a fine gentleman.

The **VILLAGERS** wear high black Puritan hats, coats and knickerbockers in Puritan style with broad white collars.

JUSTICE GOOKIN is dressed like the **VILLAGERS** but wears a long fine cape as well.

Polly Gookin has the typical costume of the period with snowy cap and kerchief.

Dickon in black with horns and tail.

USEFUL BOOKS ON COSTUMES

Talbot Hughes. Dress Design.

Constance D'Arcy Mackay. Costumes and Scenery for Amateurs.

Melicent Stone. The Bankside Costume Book.



FEATHERTOP

SCENE I

[Interior of MOTHER RIGBY's cottage. Morning.]

MOTHER RIGBY

Dickon, a coal for my pipe!

[Enter DICKON with lighted coal. He applies it to the witch's pipe, then capers about the room.]

MOTHER RIGBY

[Smoking and nodding her head.] Good! Thank ye, Dickon! Be within call, Dickon, in case I need you again.
[Exit DICKON.] And now for making this scarecrow. *[She*

goes to look over materials she has collected for the making of a scarecrow.] I could with very little trouble make a scarecrow ugly enough to frighten the minister himself—but—I don't want to set up a hobgoblin in my own corn patch. I could do it if I pleased, for 'tis true I'm a witch. Aye—and the most cunning witch in New England; but, there is no use in scaring the little children for a mile roundabout. No—my scarecrow shall be a fine gentleman! [*She begins to stuff the figure with straw and adjusts the pumpkin head on its shoulders.*] Many a fine gentleman has a pumpkin head, as well as my scarecrow. I've seen worse ones on human shoulders, at any rate. But the clothes shall be the making of this man.

[She takes down from a peg an ancient coat and puts it on the figure. (See costumes.) Then places a wig on the bare scalp of the pumpkin and surmounts the whole with a three-cornered hat, in which she sticks the longest tail-feather of a rooster. She stands the figure up in the corner of her cottage and chuckles as she beholds it.]

You are well worth looking at—that's a fact! I've made many a puppet since I've been a witch, but methinks this is the finest of them all. 'Tis almost too good for a scarecrow. Well, I'll just fill a fresh pipe of tobacco, and then take him out to the corn-patch. Dickon! [*sharply*] another coal for my pipe!

[Enter DICKON. He applies coal as before. Exit DICKON.]

MOTHER RIGBY

[Sits and smokes, looking intently at the scarecrow.] That puppet yonder is too good a piece of work to stand all summer

in a corn-patch frightening away the crows and blackbirds. He is capable of better things. He looks almost human! I could make a Man of my scarecrow; were it only for the joke's sake—for a witch I am and a witch I'm likely to be. What if I should let him take his chance among the other men of straw and empty fellows who go bustling about the world. [*Puffs her pipe and smiles. Then she takes the pipe from her own mouth and thrusts it into the mouth of the scarecrow.*] Puff! puff! puff away, my fine fellow! Your life depends on it! [*A whiff of smoke comes from the scarecrow's mouth!*] Puff away, my pet! Puff away, my pretty one! [*Coaxingly.*] It is the breath of life to ye, and you may take my word for it. [*More and more smoke comes from the scarecrow's mouth. The old witch claps her skinny hands together for joy.*] Well pulled, my pretty lad! Come! Another good stout whiff, and let it be with might and main. Puff for thy life, I tell thee! Well done, again! [*The witch then beckons to the scarecrow.*] Why lurkest thou in the corner, lazy one? Step forth! Thou hast the world before thee!

[*The figure makes a step forward—a kind of hitch and jerk, then totters and almost loses its balance but puffs vigorously and becomes steadier and stronger.*]

MOTHER RIGBY

[*Now pretending to be angry, clenches her fist and shakes it at the figure.*] Thou hast a man's aspect—have also a voice—I bid thee speak!

[*The scarecrow gasps, struggles and mumbles in a poor, stifled voice.*]

SCARECROW

Mother, be not so awful with me! I would fain speak, but, what can I say?

MOTHER RIGBY

Thou can'st speak, can'st thou? Then thou shalt say a thousand things and yet say nothing. Be not afraid. I shall send thee presently out into the world where thou shalt talk. Talk! Thou shalt babble like a mill-stream, if thou wilt.

SCARECROW

At your service, mother, with all my heart. [*Puts hand stiffly to his heart.*]

MOTHER RIGBY

And that was well said, "With all my heart." [*Puts her hands to her sides, laughing loudly.*] I have taken great pains with thee. Thou art the very best witch's puppet in the world and I will send thee out into the world where thou shalt play thy part with the best of men. Now give heed to what I say. [*She thrusts her wrinkled face close to the scarecrow and rubs her hands with glee.*] There is in the town a certain magistrate named Justice Gookin. The worshipful Justice Gookin hath a comely maiden, Polly Gookin, for his daughter. Now—hark ye, my pet. Thou hast a fair outside and thou art the very man to win a young girl's heart. Never doubt it. I tell thee it shall be so. Put a bold face on, sigh, smile, flourish thy hat, thrust forth thy leg like a dancing master, put thy right hand to thy heart, and pretty Polly Gookin is thine own.

SCARECROW

[*Looks intently at MOTHER RIGBY.*] Really! Is it possible! Indeed!

MOTHER RIGBY

[*Convulsed with laughter.*] Oh, thou wilt be the death of me! Thou playest thy part to perfection. But stick to thy pipe. Remember thy life depends upon it. When thou shalt find thy pipe getting low, cry sharply: "Dickon, a coal for my pipe!" else instead of a gallant gentleman, thou wilt become nothing but a bag of straw and an old pumpkin head. Now depart, my treasure, and good luck go with thee!

SCARECROW

[*In a stout voice and sending forth whiffs of smoke.*] Never fear, mother. I will thrive if an honest man and a gentleman may.

MOTHER RIGBY

That was well said! Here! Take my staff along with thee. It will guide thee straight to Justice Gookin and his daughter. And if any ask thy name, it is Feathertop, for thou hast a feather in thy hat. Now, get thee gone, Feathertop. I have done my best for thee.

[*FEATHERTOP goes out of the cottage, striding manfully towards town. MOTHER RIGBY watches him out of sight.*]

[CURTAIN]

SCENE II

[*A group of villagers standing together on the street near JUSTICE GOOKIN'S house. Enter FEATHERTOP, strutting along swinging his cane with an airy grace like a fine gen-*

tleman. As often as every five steps he puts his pipe in his mouth and puffs deeply at it. Stir among the group of villagers.]

VILLAGERS

Who is he? Who is the stranger?

FIRST VILLAGER

It is some great nobleman, beyond question. Do you see the star at his breast?

SECOND VILLAGER

Nay, it is too bright to be seen. Yes, he must needs be a nobleman, as you say. But by what conveyance, think you, can his Lordship have voyaged hither? There has been no vessel from the old country for a month past; and if he has arrived overland from the southward, pray where are his attendants and equipage?

THIRD VILLAGER

He needs no equipage to set off his rank. If he came among us in rags, nobility would shine through a hole in his elbow. I never saw such dignity of aspect. He has the old Norman blood in his veins, I warrant him.

FOURTH VILLAGER

I rather take him to be a Dutchman or one of your High Germans. The men of those countries have always the pipe at their mouths.

FIFTH VILLAGER

And so has a Turk. But, in my judgment, this stranger hath been bred at the French court, and hath there learned politeness and grace of manner, which none understand so well as the nobility of France. That gait, now! A vulgar spectator might deem it stiff—he might call it a hitch and jerk—but to my eye, it hath an unspeakable majesty, and must have been acquired by constant observation of the deportment of the Grand Monarque. The stranger's character and office are evident enough. He is a French ambassador come to treat with our rulers about the cession of Canada.

JUSTICE GOOKIN

[*Accompanied by his daughter POLLY he has come out of his house and joined the group in time to hear the last remark.*] More probably a Spaniard and hence his yellow complexion. Or, most likely, he is from Havana or from some port on the Spanish Main, and comes to make investigations about the piracies which our Governor is thought to connive at. Those settlers in Peru and Mexico have skins as yellow as the gold which they dig out of their mines.

POLLY GOOKIN

Yellow or not, he is a beautiful man! So tall, so slender! Such a fine, noble face, with so well shaped a nose and all that delicacy of expression about the mouth! And, bless me! how bright his star is! It positively shoots out flames!

FEATHERTOP

[*Bowing and flourishing his pipe.*] So do your eyes, fair lady. Upon my honor, they have quite dazzled me!

POLLY GOOKIN

Was ever so original and exquisite a compliment!

FEATHERTOP

Really! Indeed! [*He steps up to JUSTICE GOOKIN.*] Does the worshipful Justice Gookin know one Mother Rigby? Mother Rigby knows the worshipful Justice Gookin, and she has sent me hither. My name is Feathertop. [*Whispers in JUSTICE GOOKIN's ear and indicates that he wishes to be presented to POLLY.*]

JUSTICE GOOKIN

[*He is startled at the mention of the witch, MOTHER RIGBY, but quickly recovers himself.*] Polly! Daughter Polly! Come hither, child. This gentleman is the Chevalier Feathertop, nay, I beg his pardon, my Lord Feathertop, who hath brought me a token of remembrance from an ancient friend of mine. Pay your duty to his Lordship, child, and honor him as his quality deserves.

[*Exit JUSTICE GOOKIN. As he goes he shows signs of uneasiness. He enters his own front door and peeps out from behind silk curtains which shade the glass in the door. POLLY curtsies and FEATHERTOP bows, with one hand on his heart. Then he offers his arm to POLLY and the two walk a few steps together. FEATHERTOP tries to take a puff at his pipe. It has gone out.*]

FIRST VILLAGER

There is something mysterious about this stranger. As he turned about, the star on his breast was all ablaze.

SECOND VILLAGER

It was indeed and it will go near to dazzle pretty Polly Gookin.

[*Exit VILLAGERS. POLLY and FEATHERTOP approach the GOOKINS' front door.*]

FEATHERTOP

Sweet one, I find my pipe getting low. My physician orders me to smoke and puff for my health. Indeed, my life depends upon it. I must go apart into some corner and light my pipe again.

POLLY GOOKIN

[*Looks at him with alarm, then passes her hand over her eyes.*] The sun dazzles my eyes strangely. What can be the matter with your Lordship? All of a sudden you look so dim and faded.

FEATHERTOP

[*Starts to enter front door of the Gookin house and sees his reflection in the glass. He starts with horror as he sees himself, for some of the straw stuffing is protruding from his coat. In his confusion he shakes the ashes out of his pipe. He cries sharply.*] Dickon, a fresh pipe of tobacco! Dickon, another coal for my pipe!

[*Enter DICKON with coal. As POLLY sees DICKON she shrinks from FEATHERTOP, shrieks and sinks down insensible. JUSTICE GOOKIN opens door and rushes to POLLY.*]

FEATHERTOP *refuses to use the coal which DICKON offers.*
He throws up his hands in despair.]

FEATHERTOP

The girl was half won. Methinks a kiss from her sweet lips might have made me altogether human. But—I've seen myself. I've seen myself for the wretched, ragged, empty thing I am. [*Pulls more straw out from within his coat.*] I'll go back to Mother Rigby. [*Drags himself off.*]

[CURTAIN]

SCENE III

[MOTHER RIGBY's cottage.]

[*Twilight.*]

MOTHER RIGBY

[*Sitting alone and talking to herself.*] Yes, I've made puppets of all sorts—clay, wax, straw, sticks, night fog, morning mist, sea-foam and chimney smoke. But, methinks, Feathertop is the best. Aye, he is the best witch's puppet in the world. And now, that he may hold up his head in the great world where not one man in a hundred is more gifted than he, I will endow him with an unreckonable amount of wealth. He shall have a gold mine in Eldorado, and ten thousand shares in a broken bubble; half a million acres of vineyard at the North Pole, a castle in the air and a chateau in Spain, together with all the rents and income therefrom accruing. With these he can pay